

# THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year. No. 22.

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 25, 1899.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
Commissioner.

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MAJOR SOUTHALL,  
Provincial Officer, West Ontario Province.

See article on page 6.

**"Gentle Jesus" Revised.****A SLUM STORY.**

THE child was a boy, scarcely more than four or five years old. His parents had evidently been sent to prison, or had deserted, away somewhere. When found by the Slum Sisters in New York, encouching in the corner of a hallway, one chilly night in March, he was but half-clad and numbered with exposure to the cold.

Taken to the barracks, the waif was washed and dressed in clean clothes, warmed and fed. He was delighted with the situation that he received, and particularly with his surroundings; so much so that when one of the Sisters attempted to undress him for bed he cried, under the belief that he was about to be prematurely deprived of his new apparel.

This was very apparent when the Sisters attempted to teach him the words of the simple prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep." "I pray the Lord my soul to keep," continued the Sister.

"I pray the Lord to keep my clothes to keep," whispered the boy.

"No, not 'clothes to keep,' 'soul to keep,'" corrected the Sister.

"Soul to keep," said the boy.

"Now, say it from the beginning."

urged the worker in the slums. "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

But the poor little fellow was too interested in his treasures. "Now I lay me down to sleep, pray the Lord my clothes to keep, he said, making the same mistake as before.

"No, no; that is not right," said the pains-taking Sister. "I pray to God to take care of your soul, not your clothes. I'll take care of those."

"And won't you pawn them?" replied the astonished lad to the astonishment of the Sister, "and buy rum with them? That's what they always did at home when I had new clothes."

Tears filled the eyes of the Slum Sister, but she brushed them aside as she kissed the child. The few words of precious knowledge had revealed to her the story of his brief life, and she needed no more to tell her of the misery of his home. Although he finally mastered his little prayer, it was with the words, "I pray the Lord my clothes to keep," on his lips that he fell asleep.

**MY CONTRACT.**

The World: "Make a contract with me. Give me your time, your talents, your thoughts, your very fancies. I undertake to satisfy them all."

The Soul (thoughtfully): "Life has sorrows."

The World: "Sorrows, indeed? For them I can offer you a rare draught of forgetfulness."

The Soul: "And what do you offer in return? It is a costly sacrifice you are seeking from me."

The World (scornfully): "Sacrifice, do you call it? Soul, know you not, then, that my gifts have been sought by some whose names will be remembered as long as earth exists. Sacrifice? If you care for the pretty banality, the admiring eyes, the love of humanity. You can become a benefactor if you like. Choose the path in which you wish to be foremost, and I will place you in it."

The Soul: "All these gifts, however, I have ceased to desire. A little while ago, I should have signed your contract eagerly. Now, I know that none of these gifts you offer can satisfy a strong, unsatisfied longing within me."

The flesh (inquisitively): "Take your ease with me. Soul, eat, drink, dress, be merry. Cast care, especially this vain longing of which you speak, to the winds. A mere freak of indulgence! I demand no sacrifices. Please self, follow its every whim and I shall be satisfied."

The Soul: "The time has passed also for me to listen to you. Your offers may have touched the body when I lay half dreaming within it. Now, something has roused me. I can sleep no more, and I hunger, I thirst, for I know not what."

The Evil One: "I, alone, can understand your aspiring nature. Nay, make no foolish contracts with the World or the Flesh. You are too noble

to be tempted by such slight promises. I recognize the spirit all to my own stoop to no excellence. Follow all your own resolute will. Overleap all obstacles until you are subject to none. A glorious freedom! I think of it. You shall do as a God."

Soul: "Where have I heard that promise before? And you, proud spirit, undertake to satisfy every want in my nature—and for ever?"

Evil One (merrily): "Never fear! I know how to satisfy a hungry, restless, granitic rebellious nature such as yours. For ever? What is for ever? Have I not heard you say you were certain of nothing, of no future?"

Even if there be a Creator—and how can you prove it?—surely He will not deny immortality to you, if you crave so undesirable a boon, if He have really formed you for it? Come! be bold, and let us go to the Devil."

Soul (readily): "I hunger, I thirst."

The Voice of Jesus: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

Soul (eagerly): "Speak, Master, speak!"

The Voice of the Master: "No man can serve two masters. Dismiss these, thy tempters."

Soul: "Depart ye fools and sinful ones! Master, I recognize Thine authority. Thou seest I turn from these."

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**HIS LAST HOPE.**

"There goes the last hope of England!" shouted a man in the street, to one of our comrades, as he carried the Army flag towards our meeting in Hyde Park.

Sure the angels must weep,  
And feel sorrow deep,  
When a mighty one falls in despair;  
There are terrible moans,  
The very earth groans,  
And sorrow sobbs loud in the air.

He stood on the bridge,  
And looked o'er the ridge;  
At the waters so chilly and dark;  
A bewildering pain  
Was at work in his brain,  
For the devil had made him his mark.

The silence appalled,  
And darkness enthralled—  
Twas darkness no hope seemed to break;

But the grief found a tongue,  
And these words from him ringing—  
To himself in this language he spoke:

"Oh, cursed be the day  
When I travelled astray,  
Alured by the vine's ruddy glow;  
'Twas a serpent indeed,  
Which hath made my soul bleed,  
And prepared me a harvest of woe!

"Drunk has brought me disgrace,  
And I've come to this place—  
To the river—to end all my woe;  
For the demon of hell  
Throws around his spell,  
And a drunkard to darkness I'll go!

"How the thoughts of the past  
Cling tenaciously fast,  
And add to my crushing despair!

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from my very self unto Thee. Thou, Thou alone, hast answered my deepest longing. Speak, Master, speak again!"

The Master: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow Me."

The Soul: "My cross? Ah! I recollect it. To grasp it, I must drop all that has been most precious to me. And all these things, yes, even my most coveted, most prized possession, have failed to satisfy. Lord, help me to follow—but whither?"

The Master: "Unto the Father."

The Soul (feebly): "And the way, Lord?"

The Master: "I am the way."

The Soul: "Lord, it is so dark."

The Master: "I am the Light."

The Soul: "Lord, I tremble—how can I see the Father?"

The Master: "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father."

The Soul: "I am unloved."

The Master: "Believe me the pure In heart: for they shall see God."

The Soul: "Lord, make me holy."

The Master: "My Blood cleanses from all sin. Believest thou this, beloved?"

The Soul: "Yea, Lord, I do believe; help Thou mine unbelief. Cleanse me from all sin in Thy precious Blood. Give unto me the single eye to see my

Father's will. It is His will that I should be holy. It is His will. Quickly, then, to listen to every whisper of the Spirit within me. Strengthen me to obey. Here, blessed Lord, do I make my contract with Thee for ever. I give Thee my life, my love, myself, my all. Make Thou my surrender a perfect surrender."

"Yea, now, even now, does the Master fulfil His promise. He is satisfied with my offering. He answers the deepest desire in my heart. Life, light, love! What precious gifts! Who can refuse them? Praise His holy name! Hallelujah!"

**ONE BUSHEL OF CORN.**

An exchange tells us that out of one bushel of corn the following is obtained:

The distiller makes four gallons of whiskey, which he retails at \$10.80.

The farmer gets 16c.

The railroad company gets \$1.

The manufacturer gets \$1.

The consumer gets drunk.

The children get hungry.

The devil gets body and soul.

Is that what God made the corn for?

**Social Progress in Holland.****The Farm Colony.**

Our Farm Colony is going on splendidly. There has been progress in every way during the past year. New land opened up and new buildings erected. One feels that there is a healthy, go-ahead spirit all over the place. While the material side of the Colony has prospered, the spiritual work has also gone forward, deepening and increasing the permanent outcome.

Colonel Cosandey and myself, with the Social Secretary, Major De Witte, spent New Year's Day on the Farm, and it was a happy day.

A special dinner had been prepared for the men, and after watching them eat, and after round the well-spread tables, and having a word or two with nearly all, we went on to inspect the whole Farm. We noted the many improvements, increase of cattle, renovated buildings, and the clean, healthy look of everything animate and inanimate.

The Governor of the Farm, Adj't. Polman, is indeed the right man for the right place. His original countenance and cheery manner, accompanied by a calm, quiet temperament, makes him just the one to help the men, whose greatest fault, in most cases, has been a weakness and instability which has led them into all kinds of difficulties. By the help of God they are now trying to climb again the ladder to honor and independence.

When dinner was finished and the inspection over, we gathered for the evening lantern service. How earnestly they listened as the story of Zacchaeus was told! The wormwood and instantaneus conversion, which the word of power of Jesus wrought in a moment. The money-loving, money-grabbing man comes down from the tree and offers half his goods for the poor, and to restore to all whom he had wronged four times the amount.

That was the outcome of true salvation. That did not take years to accomplish it. On the ready, glad welcome of Zacchaeus, Jesus did His work.

Then came the lantern service. When the last picture had been shown, the debt from the cross—every ear was ready for the Colonel's earnest appeal for immediate decision. We know that He who took the unlawful love of money out of the heart of Zacchaeus can, and does, to-day, take the passion of drink, uncleanness, and other soul-enslaving evils from those who come to Him.

Two rose and came forward: it was a struggle; but the power of Jesus gained the day, and we closed rejoicing.

**The Slums.**

Christmas in our five Slum-posts has also been a time of blessing, salvation and rejoicing. Slagging in the public streets is not allowed in this country, but people can do almost anything they like in the arrow, dark alleys. So our Slum Officers in the colonies were out on Christmas morning, lighting a mass of salvation along the dark little alleys of their quarter. They took the people into a prayer meeting at six in their own hall. They had prepared a Christmas Tree, and the only lights burning at that dark hour were the candles on the tree. At this early gathering two poor drunkards came in who had never been in the hall before, and the report this week is five souls saved.

A glorious work of salvation is going on in the Hague slums, and also in Amsterdam. The other day all our Slum corps had been sitting up late for weeks past, and were every minute to make warm clothes for the poor half-clad children that they meet in their daily visiting.

These were distributed to the eager little ones in each Slum corps on Christmas afternoon, as they gathered round a brightly-lighted Christmas Tree.

We can hardly tell whether the joy of our dear officers or that of the little ones was greater as the things were given out. And, by the way, I had done a double work by keeping many an aching little body warm, and given the officers a freer entrance to the hearts and homes of the parents, most of whom are hardened by sin.

Yours to help the helpless and the suffering.

L. E. COSANDEY.

**THE TERRITORY.**

His Visits to Lindsay, Bowmanville and

Glorious Results in South Bruce Meeting—The T. S. S. Singer Spre

LINDSAY

THE visit of Lieut. Col. Cosandey to Lindsay on Saturday night was a happy one. A round table was set up in the hall for the Colonels to help push the work on. The Colonels and all present felt the power of God. The Colonels to decide for God, but

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and myself, with Major De Wilde's Day with the men will be happy day: but he is here after watching them well-spread tables, or two with nearly to inspect the whole the many improvements of cattle, renovated clean, healthy looking and lustrous. of the Farm. Adj't the right man in the bright countenance, accompanied by a smile, makes him appear more honest and more stable which fits kinds of difficulties. They are now trying the ladder to honor

gathered for the vice. How earnest the story of Zane's "wonderful and version which the Jesus wrought in every loving, money down from the gods for the all whom it sometimes the amount of true salvation take years to achieve, the ready, glad hearts, Jesus did His

service. When been shown—the loss—every ear was God's earnest appeal on. We know that unlawful love of heart of Zacheus, take the passion, and other souls those who come

forward; it was the power of Jesus we closed rejoicing.

Slum-posts have blossoming, salvation in the public mind in this country, almost anything row, dark alleys, in the Hague morning sing-song along the half-quarter. They a prayer meeting hall. They had a tree, and the that dark hour the tree. At this poor drunkards never been in the report this week

salvation is going on, and also in beers in all our sitting up late singing every spare clothes for the that they meet

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COSANDEY.



## THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY TRAVELS.

His Visits to Lindsay, Fenelon Falls, Bowmanville and Oshawa.

good will result from the Colonel's visit.

### OSHAWA.

Clerical Results in South Being Saved—Monday Meeting—The T. S.'s Reputation as a Singer Spreading.

### LINDSAY.

THE visit of Lieut-Colonel Margetts to Lindsay will not soon be forgotten; our expectations ran high, and we were not disappointed. On Saturday night we created no small stir on the streets and found a nice crowd inside. A rousing volley was fired for the Colonel and another to welcome Capt. Peacock, who has come to help push the war at Lindsay. The Colonel spoke for half an hour meeting and all present felt the influence of his words. The Colonel urged the sinners to decide for God, but none yielded.

7 a.m.—From the first song until the finish God's power was felt and the Colonel spoke with force and love. Three knelt at the Mercy Seat and were set free.

3 p.m.—A fine crowd and a powerful orchestra with three more crying for salvation.

7:30 p.m.—All hearts were lifted to God for souls, and the Colonel again spoke with lips touched for the occasion by Divine fire. Conviction rested upon the audience, and we again rejoiced over three more seeking pardon and mercy from God. A halloo-hah wind-up, with a couple of tunes from Prof. Lane on his converted cigar box, closed one of the best week-ends we have spent for some time.

### FENELON FALLS.

On Monday night we were in for a good time with the Colonel at FENELON FALLS, and a blessed time it was, indeed, to our souls. I am sure the comrades there will not forget that meeting. God's Spirit hovered over the place, and we were all melted to tears. We all say, "God bless the Lieut-Colonel!"—S. Wiggins, D. O.

### BOWMANVILLE.

After seven years' absence we were glad to welcome back to our midst Lieut-Colonel Margetts for a weekend. We had been looking forward with great expectancy, and took God, we were not disappointed. There were a great many things against us: La Cigale is very prevalent. One doctor, we heard, had as many as one hundred calls in one day, and there is scarcely a house in the town but what some one is down sick. No less than six different funeral notices were tucked up the day the Colonel arrived.

However, we had a nice home-like talk and a jolly talk at the Saturday night meeting.

A few of us met for kue-krill at 5 a.m. Sunday morning, when God came very near. It was good to be there. A goodly number also met for the old-fashioned love feast at 11 a.m. Oh, what a time we had! The Colonel's talk on "Vow keeping" will not soon be forgotten. It did our hearts good to see one young man

### Take Off His Overcoat

and come away from the back of the hall and throw himself at the penitent form. He has been a wanderer, but God freely forgave the past. We were all dancing happy and would up by taking hold of each other's hands singing and making melody unto the Lord.

The afternoon and night meetings were well attended. The Spirit of God strove mightily and tears were seen to flow freely. We believe much

## Our Field Officers.

### WHY I BECAME A SALVATIONIST.

By CAPT. HANNA.

I am a Salvationist because God spoke peace to my soul after years of rebellion against Him.



CAPTAIN HANNA, Brampton, Ont.

I drank, the less relish and strength I had for work, and so, slowly but surely, I went down hill. I was sent to the House of Correction and the State Prison for different offences, but as soon as I was discharged started to drink again. Finally, I gave up work altogether and made my wife support me. I was satisfied as long as she gave me sufficient money for whiskey. If she did not do so I would beat her. My step-children had to fetch me my supply of this liquid damnation early in the morning, before they went to school, and again in the evening when they returned from work. Whiskey was my first thought and my first and last drink of the day.

"I will not speak of all the cruelties and crimes I have committed while under the influence of liquor. It robbed me of all will-power and fed within me everything that was fiendish and beastly, and at last—last

### I Killed My Wife.

And this murder was the last link in the chain of sin and misdeeds which the drink had compelled me to commit. To-morrow I am to be beheaded; I deserve death; I shall die repentant, and God will reward me, but I do not wish to die without giving one more loud cry of warning to all the world. This shall be my testimony to the living which I leave behind me.

"This warning is meant for you, my friends and comrades in drink, who with me have sat and revelled and delighted in this soul-damning liquor. My example shows you the end of the road which you also are travelling. Throw away the cursed cup while it is time, before the terrible demon has caught you in the snare.

"But this warning is also meant for all of you, my fellow-labourers—bricklayers, carpenters, or whatever your trade may be. Most of you think that without whiskey you cannot go on, and that a little does not hurt you, as long as one does not take to excess, but tell me can you stop the rolling ball? With little it begins, with much it increases. I did not commence with quarts. If you want to be married, willing workers, happy fathers of families, and remain such, then away with the waters of hell!"

"But my warning is also meant for the distillers and sellers, and all that have to do with the making and handling of the cursed liquor. Without pangs of conscience you rob the laborer of his hard-earned money, you take out of his pocket his scant wages to fill your purses.

### You I Accuse

as accomplices in my crime. I know that you are breaking the staff of the Pharisees, even my head, and are wishful to be rid of me. But you will have to answer before the Throne of God with me, and for many crimes committed through the agency of your cursed whiskey. You are getting rich from the pennies taken over the counter, but, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Close up your whiskey stores, shut up your distilleries, bar your saloons! This is my advice, as I stand face to face with Eternity.

And now, farewell!—This is my last testament. Remember me. I have warned you. "He that has ears to hear, let him hear!"

### A Despatch from the Port Simpson Indians.

#### TO ADJUTANT PATTERSON.

Dear Brother

I was glad to sent you this report. Glory to God, we are still alive in Port Simpson, and the devil knows it. He tries his best to stop the old chariot from rolling along; yet, thank God, it is still moving, and we know the One Who is on our side is more than all that can be against us. Bless God! In spite of the devil we are having good meetings. Deep conviction and souls are getting converted. Three prodigals came to the great King last night in their "Ten Virgins" meeting, and had their sins blotted out.

Please put this report on the War Cry and sent one to me. Will you let me know about officers. Please to tell me as soon as you can. I am sorry for you that did not receive my picture. May the Lord Bless you.

I am yours truly,

HENRY W. TATE.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. HOOKER, Wallace, Ida.

Once, when food was scarce, the Captain and his wife climbed from 800 to 1,000 feet up the mountains and gathered 24 gallons of huckle-berries, which they sold at \$1 per gallon, and so replenished their cupboard.

Mrs. Hooker is a great War Cry worker, and often walks from 12 to 14 miles to sell that messenger of salvation. "We are going in to thrash the old devil and to have victory, regardless of all opposition," is the Captain's closing sentence in a letter to the Editor.

"Till fixed we are not free. The acorn must be earthed ere the oak will develop. The man of faith is the man who has taken root!"—Thomas Lynch.

# My Journal.

BY THE GENERAL.

Saturday, Jan. 21st, 1890.  
Everything is arranged for our leaving. International Headquarters. Good-byes have been spoken all round. The gale that had been blowing all night seems to have moderated, and the railway people have assured us that the afternoon boat will certainly sail from Folkestone. But ten minutes before we leave the announcement is brought in that the storm in the Channel will not allow any boat to sail. We are not told whether we like it or not, the journey must be postponed for that day, at least.

All night the wind roared and rattled with continuous blasts, and the probability that the steamer "Prins Regent Leopold," in which our passages are booked, having to sail from Naples without us, presented itself. However, I hoped in Providence, and did my best to get something like a decent night's sleep, and by nine in the following day we were on our way to Folkestone, where we found the sea quite quieted down, and after a good deal of shaking, inside and out, we managed to get across the silver streak and on to Paris.

**PARIS.**  
I found my daughter Lucy wonderfully bright and well, all things considered, while Commissioner Heilberg was in good spirits. If he had not all the success to boast of, it was due to which he knew would satisfy the General, he reckoned that his figures showed real progress, and justified hopes for a brighter future.

**NAPLES AT LAST.**

Wednesday, Jan. 25th.  
There are half-a-dozen cities in the world a sight of which I have had a little curiosity to gain, but which have not, as yet, lain along the track of my life's travels. Naples, into which we came at 1:30 to-day, is one of these. And now that I am here I find that I shall have little time to look at anything remarkable, either in the city or surrounding country, seeing that business and writing have taken up the bulk of the afternoon, and we sail (D. V.) to-night. But I have seen enough to justify to the utmost all that I have read or heard in praise of its glorious bay, and that is saying a great deal. After the hurried glance I have been able to give it, I am bound to confess that I have arrived at the conclusion that it is the most beautiful sheet of water I have as yet had the privilege of looking upon; and I think I can understand how the saying has come to be a proverb, "See Naples, and then die."

**MOUNT VESUVIUS.**

About fifteen miles from the city, black and threatening, there towers up the celebrated Mount Vesuvius. Looked at from the verandah of our room in which I write this, you have two mountain-peaks, and up the side of one of these, nearly at the summit, is situated the mouth or crater, of the volcano. At the present moment Vesuvius is in eruption: that is, the fires that are ever burning in the bowels of the mountain, emitting continually volumes of smoke, and occasionally bursting forth, with lurid flames, streams of lava, composed of molten stone, mineral and other matter. These streams are running down the mountain sides at the present time to the terror of the poor people living there, or in the immediate neighborhood. And they may well be terrified, because they know all about the destruction of the City of Pompeii, which took place over two thousand years ago, caused by an eruption of the volcano, which was so sudden that no one had the opportunity to escape. The whole city was buried and nothing was known of it, until in later years, excavations were made and the ruins discovered just as they were when the fiery deluge overtook them.

**A FIERY SIGHT.**

I am staying for the hour or two we have to wait for the departure of our steamer with Staff-Capt. Gordon and his dear wife, who love Italy, and

spend most of their time there, doing what they can to help forward the Salvation Army, and, while writing the foregoing, Mrs. Gordon called me into the next room saying that the flames issuing from the volcano could now be seen, and there, sure enough, glowing like a great furnace, although it was still dark, with the light of moonlight, and while I gazed at the light I thought of the streams of death that were issuing forth. I wondered how people could be so foolish as to live on the very verge of such destruction. And then I thought also of the multitudes who around me everywhere

are living on the very verge of the Bottomless Pit, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched, and prayed that God might stir me up, and stir my comrades everywhere to labor night and day to persuade men and women to come away from the road that leads to damnation.

**"ALL ON BOARD."**

first Sunday. Had a visit from Major Southall. Much appreciated. Everybody delighted. Finished with five souls.—Inn Groom.

**Pacific Province.**

**One Soul.**

**REVELSTOKE.**—Siege opened in earnest. One soul at night. Captain Gonding farewelled.—Steve, R. C.

**Four Souls.**

**BILLINGS.**—Left Victoria and got to this place with an atmosphere of 40° below zero. Siege getting under way fine. Three Juniors and one Senior. Will reach our Siege target.—Adjt. Ayre.

**One Soul.**

**ANACONDA.**—Started the Siege with one backslider. Adjt. Hay with us for week-end. Many under conviction.—Adjt. Lloyd.

**Two Souls.**

**NELSON.**—Bring hot and heavy. Siege began. Two prisoners taken. You will hear more of us.—George Dixon.

**Three Souls.**

**SLERIDAN.**—No officers here for New Year's. We are hard at work. Three souls saved. Capt. Myers and Lieut. Tracy arrived.—H. C. Burks.

**Three Souls.**

**MISSOULA.**—Three souls since last report. Capt. Bailey and Lieut. Floyd and the people very kind.

**North-West Province.**

**One Soul.**

**WINNIPEG.**—Siege progressing. Backslider out for salvation. Churches and crowds very good in spite of the cold. Bro. and Sister Crushaw have lost their little child.

**One Soul.**

**JAMESTOWN.**—One backslider. We are not forgetting the Siege.—Lieut. E. McConnell.

**Two Souls.**

**PONTEAU LA PRAIRIE.**—Had a brush with the enemy. Five souls for the blessing and two for salvation.—J. C. H.

**One Soul.**

**LETHBRIDGE.**—One soul. We are believing for more. We are in good trim.—A. R.

**Six Souls.**

**WINNIPEG.**—Capt. LeDrew fell through trap door, sustained a few broken bones, but is progressing well. Staff-Capt. Galt commissioned 21 Local Officers. Six souls on Sunday night.

**Two Souls.**

**FARGO.**—Major McMillan and Adjt. Case with us. Siege started. Two souls.—M. H. S.

**Three Souls.**

**OAKES.**—Three souls in the Fountain. Hallelujah! Major McMillan and Adjt. Case with us for two nights.—E. S. B.

**One Soul.**

**EDMONTON.**—Still alive. One backslider returned. Others convicted. Deeply interested in Siege.—Alice Pearce, Capt.

**Three Souls.**

**MONTREAL.**—God is with us. Three souls on Wednesday at the prayer meeting.—Capt. Mathers.

**Three Souls.**

**DRAYTON.**—Good times here. Our hearts cheered by seeing three souls at the Mercy Seat on Sunday night. Had a good week. Juniors' Corps getting along well. Prospects for the Siege all O. K.—C. Jarvis.

**One Soul.**

**BERLIN.**—Hard at work for the Siege. Converts getting along nicely. One soul since last report.—H. Oberer.

**One Soul.**

**PARIS.**—The Siege is on and we are fighting. Capt. Coy and wife to the front. Sister Smith sold fifteen War Crys in one bar-room. (Hallelujah!—Ed.) One soul on Sunday.—W. M.

**Seven Souls.**

**BLenheim.**—Siege started several days before the appointed time. Soldiers all on fire for souls. War Crys all sold out. (Why not rise?—Ed.) Capt. made a new penitent form for the Siege converts. Two souls the

# A Game of

## A Service of

BY ADJUTANT PAG

**Altogether.**

Begone, valn world (B.J. 191).

"Oh, though  
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**F** AIRYLAND — or something closely akin to it. Floral fests—tions hung from the roof, garlands of all nations decked the walls. Sweet strains from the ringing laughter of the boy-playful traffic below. Although necessitated the clink of coins and the rustle of parcel-tiling, there was little else to suggest anything so serious as a mart. In reality it was the Annual Fancy Fair in aid of Northover's old-established orphanage.

One of the butterfly throng of young ladies acting as saleswomen fluttered her gauze draperies to the entrance to greet a new comer.

"Ah, Mr. Stewart," she exclaimed, shaking hands with a grey-haired and somewhat grave gentleman, "how good of you to come! Isn't it a perfect paradise?"

"I am afraid your comparison is rather unfortunate, Miss Brown," he returned, "Paradise was not quite perfect, you remember." The serpent spoiled it. I wonder," he added thoughtfully, "if there is one lurking behind some of these needless merciments?"

"I am sure I hope not," said little Miss Brown, her pretty lips ponting: "If there is one I have never seen him yet."

And she ran away with a rather sly-saint apology that she must see no such monster devoured the good things under her care.

**Solo and Chorus.**

Oh, ye young, ye gay, ye proud, You must die and wear a shroud: Time will rob you of your bloom, Death will drag you to the tomb, Then you'll weep and wish to be Happy in eternity.

Half an hour later another newcomer pushed his way through the turnstile. This was an altogether new experience for Dick Newnes. He was a young and struggling clerk, and a complimentary ticket given by his employer had secured him the night's entertainment. The first real taste of gaiety. He was fairly dazzled by the varied beauties of the spacious hall. Dick was small and shy, and as he had no purpose to meet the absurdly high prices he saw all around him, he felt for some minutes rather dull and alone. He almost wished he had not come—he had had to break the payment engagement which he had promised when he left home always to fulfil.

While thus thinking he had gravitated towards a group of young people surrounding what he first took to be an auction desk, but which he afterwards found was a raffle. A small gloved hand was outstretched to him—it was Miss Brown's.

"How do you do, Mr. Newnes? They had met at some social a few weeks previously, and the young lady was noted for a good memory and a fine figure. "Just in time to drop your quarter into this bag of luck, for that will give you a free raffle for," she said, "and we're taking in a game of chess, my boy. It will upturn your principles, my boy. It will upturn your principles."

This inconvenient recollection of a father's advice caused Dick to hesitate.

chorus (Platform only). Yield not to temptation, For yielding is sin, Each victory will help you Some other to win, Fight manfully onward, Dark passions subdue, Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through:

Ask the Saviour to help you, Comfort, strengthen and keep you, He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

Sunday. Had a visit from Major all. Much appreciated. Every delighted. Finished with five—Inn Groom.

## Pacific Province.

VELSTOKE.—Siege opened in earnest. One soul at night. Camp farewelled.—Steve, R. C.

WILINGS.—Left Victoria and got place with an atmosphere of low zero. Siege getting under way. Three Juniors and one Senior will reach our Siege target.

ACONDA.—Started the Siege with backsider. Adj't. Hay with week-end. Many under command.—Cadet Lloyd.

SON.—Flaring hot and heavy, began. Two prisoners taken. Will hear more of us.—George.

GRIDAN.—No cheerers here for us. We are hard at work, souls saved. Capt. Myers and Myers arrived.—H. C. Myers.

SOUL.—Three souls slice off. Capt. Bailey and Lieut. and the people very kind.

## North-West Province.

NIPEG.—Siege progressing, out for salvation. Marches very good in spite of the snow, and Sister Crushaw have our little child.

ESTOWN.—One backsider, not forgetting the Siege.—McConnell.

CAGE LA PRAIRIE.—Had a fight with the enemy. Five souls for God and two for salvation.—A. R.

BRIDGE.—One soul. We won for more. We are in.

NIPEG.—Capt. LeDrew fell trap door, sustained a few bones, but is progressing well. Galt commissioned 21 Lors. Six souls on Sunday.

O.—Major McMillan and his wife. Siege started.—M. H. S.

S.—Three souls in the Foothills! Major McMillan came with us for two nights.

TON.—Still alive. One returned. Others convicted. Interested in Siege.—Alice.

## Eastern Province.

ON, Me.—Successful Business. Five souls Sunday night.—E. White, R. C.

HILL.—Wonderful victory. G. Chandler.

## Quebec Province.

N'S COVE.—Glorious for a clean heart, 8 for Pitcher, Capt.

I. Malone—Ensign Perry on Friday, January conducted a lantern service. "Gipsy Girl," which had Cadet Adams his or the Truining Garrison. Co. Corps Co.

## A Game of Chance.

## A Service of Song.

BY ADJUTANT PAGE.

Altogether.

Begone, vain world (B.J. 101).

**T**AIRYLAND—or something closely akin to it. Floral fests, fests hung from the roof, fests of all kinds decked the walls. Sweet strains of singing instruments and pipings of ringing laughter mingled harmoniously below. Although the half-playful traffic going on necessitated the clink of coins and the rustle of parcel-telling, there was little else to suggest anything so serious as a mart. In reality it was the Annual Fancy Fair in aid of Northover's old-established orphanage.

One of the butterfly throng of young ladies acting as sweetmeat and fluttering her fan-like sleeves to the callers, to greet a new-comer.

"Ah, Mr. Stewart," she exclaimed, shaking hands with a grey-haired and somewhat grave gentleman, "how good you to come! Isn't it a perfect paradise?"

"I am afraid your comparison is rather unfortunate, Miss Brown," he returned. "Paradise was not quite perfect, you remember. The serpent spoiled it. I wonder," he added thoughtfully, "if there is one lurking behind some of these needless merciments?"

"I am sure I hope not," said little Miss Brown, her pretty lips pouting. "If there is one I haven't seen him yet."

And she ran away with a rather flippant apology that she must see no such monster devoured the good things under her care.

Solo and Chorus.

Oh, ye young, ye gay, ye proud, You must die and wear a shroud; Time will rob you of your bloom, Death will drag you to the tomb, Then you'll weep and wish to be Happy in eternity.

Half an hour later another new-comer pushed his way through the turnstile. This was an altogether new experience for Dick Newnes. He was a young and rather nervous man, apparently the boy given by his employer had secured him the night's entertainment—his first real taste of gaiety. He was fairly dazzled by the varied beauties of the spacious hall. Dick was small and shy, and as he had no purpose to meet the absurdly high prices he saw all around him, he felt for some minutes rather dull and alone. He almost wished he had not come—he had had to break the prayer meeting engagement which he had promised when he left home always to fulfil.

While thus thinking he had gravitated towards a group of young people surrounding what he first took to be an auction desk, but which he afterwards found was a raffle. A small gloved hand was outstretched to him. It was Miss Brown's.

"How do you do, Mr. Newnes?" They had met at some social a few weeks previously, and the young boy was not too ignorant to recognize her face and an affable recognition of them. "Just in time to drop your quarter into this bag of luck, for that silk shawl we are raffling for."

"Never take in a game of chance, my boy. It will unpin your principles quicker than anything else." This inconvenient recollection of father's advice caused Dick to hesitate.

Chorus (Platform only).

yield not to temptation, For yielding is sin, Each victory will help you. Some day you will win, Fight manfully forward, Dark passions subdue, Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.

Ask the Saviour to help you, Comfort, strengthen and keep you. He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

"Oh, come, be quick!" said the thoughtless little temptress at his elbow. "It's only fun, you know. Wouldn't your mother just look lovely in that shawl? You are not stingy, surely!"

He was not, though he had but one quarter left after paying board lodging and car fares. Besides he loved his mother passionately, and, of course, looked to make her a present. Consequently he took his pocket, the quarter tumbled out of it into Miss Brown's velvet bag.

That night Dick Newnes walked home with a carefully-wrapped tissue paper package under his arm. He had won the shawl. He wondered how he should account for its purchase to his mother, and had a strange mixture of shiver at the thought of paying 25 cents for a \$10 shawl, and exultation at being the one winner against thirty-nine losers. \* \* \*

Some years later, Dick is seven and twenty and a married man. In his dainty little suburban villa his young wife awaits his home-coming. Her beauty has taken a more womanly grace, but it is not hard to recognize the Alice Brown of former days. She yawns over her sewing and glances at the clock. The hands point to after midnight. With a start she

goes to judgment for not doing right; Dreadful the sentence, "Depart from Me!"

Sad and I sad will the judgment be.

What if I will not take up my cross? What if I sin till my soul is lost? What if I sink in the burning flame? There will be none but myself to blame.

Oh, when will the judgment be?

Two weeks later—the same room, the same hour—the same watching woman. But to-night her face is flushed with anger, pride and shame. The nature of her husband's mighty business has been revealed. Through a word dropped by the office watchman, she heard that her husband's business was unopened after six o'clock. Suspicious and alarmed, Alice made further enquiries, and after some difficulty learned her husband's business was a private billiard room, and she was a gamblers' wife. On the instant she fled, and Alice thought: "Alice was the first out. It when her husband entered, and immediately began to upbraid him on the strength of her discovery. Newnes was in no mood to be scolded. He had lost more than he had gained that night, and drank heavily.

Thinking to scold a man for looking after his wife. Did you think this house was kept up by air—your dress, mine's hair and the girl's? I might not out of my office salary? THAT would surely pay the rent. I have to do something to supplement my income."

"We could cut down," said Alice. "Cut down—what?" retorted her husband. "You and I have lost our taste for simple food, simple dress, and simple comfort. We MUST have these things, and I MUST pay for

"We could cut down," said Alice.

"Cut down—what?" retorted her husband. "You and I have lost our taste for simple food, simple dress, and simple comfort. We MUST have these things, and I MUST pay for



"HE IS A RUINED MAN."

throws her work aside and peers through the window. Outside all is silent and dark. No sound of the well-known footfall for which she waits. Strange what keeps him so often," she says to herself. "It is very lonely for both of us that he has to work such late hours."

It is not until nearly two that the master of the house comes in. His eyes glint—his manner is agitated and nervous. She sees that his wife has waited for him. She arranges the late supper and attends to his wants. But her eyes are misty as she pours the coffee, and her voice not very steady as she says:

"Couldn't I do something to help you with your writing, Dick—so that you could work at home all evening?"

"God forbid that you should help me," exclaims her husband, with what seems unnecessary vehemence. "The—the writing will come out all right, Alice. Anyway, never forget that I do it for your sake."

Solo and Chorus.

What if I will not salvation seek? What if I will not hear conscience speak?

What if God's talents and time I waste?

What if I sin away days of grace? Oh, what will the judgment be?

Going to judgment with salvation light,

Besides, Alice, it's not a question of "will" or "won't". Do you remember getting me to raffle for that shawl at the Fancy Fair? That was my first game of chance—played against my will at your persuasion—and I have been playing one ever since. It's no use talking of stopping now—I MUST play!"

The fierce gleam in the man's glance told the same tale—he was a victim of the gambling fever.

Solo (No Chorus).

Tune.—Penitent's plea.

All the memories of deeds gone by Rise within me and The Devil never defy; With deadly curse enchanting.

They would leave my soul desirous, Saviour, take my hand, I cannot tell how to stem the tides that round me swell.

How to ease my conscience, or to quell My damning heart.

We can but draw a veil over the agony of contrition and remorse into which Alice was plunged. Indeed, her ardor had almost have perilled her reason, had she not found an arm to lean on, and a heart to feel and help in that dark hour.

One day there came to her door a sweet-faced woman in a pale bonnet, who as a reason for her visit proffered a War Cry for sale. Something in the face of the woman who answered her knock (the girl had been dismissed two weeks before) struck the Salvatorian.

tionist, and she said, as she folded her bundle again:

"Do you know Jesus?"

Chorus (Platform only) Softly.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear, It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

And drives away his fear. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And enlivens the troubled breast, "The morna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest."

The poor stricken heart before her broke at the question. Hastily, seizing her visitor's hand, she led her to the parlor and there sobbed out her story. "It's all my own fault," she wailed. "I see it now, oh, can He forgive one so weak as I?"

On her knees that afternoon, with her new friend's arm around her, Alice proved He could and did. And she went about her work, sad still—but strong to face the worst.

She had not long to wait. The poor soul waited in vain. Three nights later her husband failed to return at the usual hour. Three—four o'clock passed—she waited till the grey dawn looked in on her kneeling figure—but still he did not come.

Solo and Chorus.

Death doth hand thy life to demand, Make haste, now the Saviour to find; No longer delay, you're passing away, And Satan your soul waits to bind.

Oh, why will thou die?

Awful despair thy bosom will tear When heaven for thee has no room, For ever shut out in darkness and doubt.

Then hell everlasting thy doom!

In the gambling room that night Dick Newnes had staked his all—and lost, all his possessions, out by one, till the wedding presents, the furniture, the pretty home itself, were all pledged to pay the winner. One chance was left. The thousand's that he had put on a horse running that very night, might yet redeem him. Wine flowed freely—under its delusive stimulus he gave up all hope.

At last a hurried ring at the bell—

telegraph boy enters. Newnes opens the message open. His lips turn blue—his head reels—his horse has lost—he is a ruined man!

And a doomed one—for the shock seems freezing his blood and fastening fetters on his pulse. The room is swimming—voices seem far away—thoughts maddening. In their speed they through his brain—it seems as though on fire with them. "Alice—Alice—Alice—his name disgraced his hoarse—"

The door opens—his wife, white with watching and search, comes in. The panting man staggers towards her.

"Alice—forgive!" he gasps. "Oh, God, have—"

But the word "mercy" will not come. With a groan he falls dead at her feet.

His game is up.

Solo and Chorus.

Too late! Too late! Thy day of grace is ended, Thy God of love offended, And from thy soul is rended The lingering ray of hope.

Chorus.

Too late! Mercy gone. Too late! Judgment come, Shut without the golden gate. Just too late!

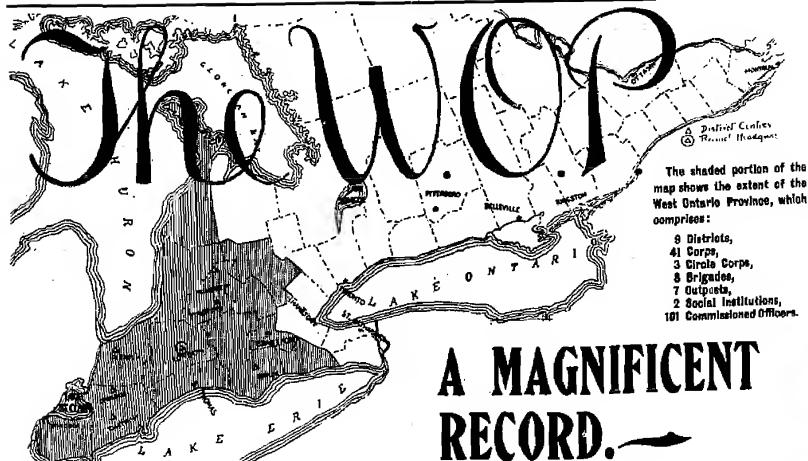
My tale is told. Two words remain for me to say.

There may be some in this meeting, who, like Alice, have played with such edged tools, and have led others to do the same. Let such remember that the damage done by a thoughtless influence is never repaired.

To you, young man or old—I care not what your age, your ability, or, as you may term it, your good luck, you who have got in the vortex of gambling beginnings, and blinded by its twin curse of drink yet think to win, I would only say, remember that "in such an hour as we think not" you may LOSE—and lose eternally.

Chorus, Softly.

The world has nothing left to give, It has no new, no pure delight; Oh, try the life which Christians live, Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?



pray as well as play—and they know how to do both. Ridgeway is a bright little town, and with the neat property—barracks and quarters purchased about a year ago, will go on to the soldier more efficiently. Blenheim is coming along nicely, and Iroquois well for a brighter future. Tibur is feeling keenly the existing depression, and is making a brave pull for existence.

DRESDEN.—This District is run from P. V. Q. The central corps has had quite a revival of late, and though the depression continues around this port has depopulated the town in some measure—a condition the Army always feels—it has made some advances. Wallacetown is going ahead commercially and Salvation Army. Both well is pulling up nicely, and there is a great deal of activity and prosperity about it.

PALMERSTON.—Ensign Orchard is the director of affairs in these northern regions. Is

not particularly

so when he starts out on a walk. He is

around by

some means,

and does not stick at any

set method of

locomotion. He

is on the look-

out for some

fresh place to

attack. If the Arctic

travellers don't

hurry up and reach

the "Pole" they

will find Ensign Orchard there ahead

of them, and the "yellow, red and

blue" attached to the North Pole, or

some other pole.

Good work has been done in all

these northern towns—particularly in

the central corps, where a number of

dead victims have been saved, some

of whom are now in heaven. The

condition of these towns is much

the same as compared with their popu-

lation. This northern district is very

difficult in many respects. Money is

scarce, and the populations have de-

creased, which accounts for the de-

pression which seems to have the effect

of making people indifferent to appeals

for practical sympathy or co-

operation, which is fatal to their

spiritual welfare. Hence the work is

not as successful as in other sections

of the Province of West Ontario. The

main feature is farming, and the soil

in many sections is poor.

PETROLIA.—Ensign Wakfeld took

charge of this District at the recent

change. The central corps is

good, and has

some fine soldiers.

The town's people

are very genial,

generous and

warm-hearted,

which accounts

for the work

having always

been maintained in

efficient stand-

ing. Some

splendid cases of conversion have tak-

en place, and the work continues to

go on. Sarnia is rather difficult, but

has mellowed towards the Army dur-

ing the past two years. Forest has

had a good work done, but is rather

fluctuating. Thedford has a good,

solid band of soldiers, and the town is

very friendly. Wyoming is very small

in population, and our little Salvation

band bravely plod along, making the

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RESTRATFORD.—A

just jumped from

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## SOME INTERESTING FACTS AND FIGURES CONCERNING THE West Ontario Province.

223 Saved Drunkards; 3,436 years of Drunkenness and 2,009 years of Sobriety and Industry represented in the same lives.

WANTED.—A mathematician to give correct estimate of the above in evil influences checked and thrown on the side of righteously.

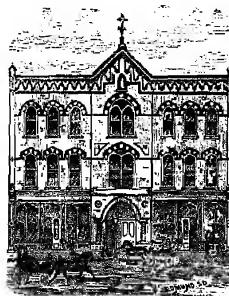
Our Paper War.—Fifteen readers of the War Cry in every 100 of the population, or 25,000 weekly readers.

\$6,000 in the two annual financial efforts, or 3 cents per head of population.

40 Corps with a total population of less than 200,000.



STAFF-CAPTAIN and MRS. PHILLIPS, Chancellors.



LONDON CITADEL.



LONDON RESCUE HOME.

—and they know  
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most of the little opportunities of the  
present, which means greater ones en  
trusted in the future.

STRATFORD—Adjt. Hughes has  
just jumped from subversive Chatham  
into classic Stratford, and  
will have command of one  
of the best  
Districts in  
the Province.  
The central corps is a gem,  
and has a  
backbone in  
its Local Officers  
soldiers and bandmen  
that the devil  
would like to  
break—but it is

made of something stronger than tape.  
We shall hear of some marked  
advances from here in the near future.  
This is a great railway town, and, as  
a rule, railway men are generous to  
wards the Army, which might have  
something to do with the high place  
holds in the sympathy and  
respect of the community. And what  
wonder? What a mighty work has  
been done!

Searforth, too, has its record. A min  
ister of a certain evangelical church  
stated in the pulpit not long ago, that  
there was no need of the Army in the  
town. The books give the following  
results among saved drunkards alone:

10 arrested.  
Arrested (about) 45 times.  
240 persons saved in drunkenness.  
Converted 83 years.  
12 are taxpayers.  
12 are soldiers.  
4 are members of other denom  
inations.

We leave the matter for our readers  
to decide. These figures give a PART  
of the work done for ONE CLASS  
alone. If he wanted further results  
he had but to look over the congrega  
tions he would see quite a little of  
the Army's work from which he was  
getting the most benefit. And that  
Senforth stands by no means alone.

Clifton and Goderich had a  
fair quota of saved drunkards. The  
former has an efficient band and a fine  
lot of soldiers. The latter has not  
many soldiers but the community is  
very favorable to the Army. Towards  
the close of July, Huron, the latter  
is rather a dull set, and the officers  
have to keep their eyes open and their  
brains active to keep out of debt.  
Bayfield, with its few hundred  
of population has a fine little Blood-and  
Fire corps.

SIMCOE—Adjt. Myles has held the  
affairs of this District for the past  
year. The central corps has some real  
old "stand-bys," and a good work has  
been done. Woodstock has been com  
ing along nicely, and with several  
local improvements made during the  
past year, promises to rise to its  
former glory as a star of the first  
magnitude. Speed on that sparkling  
diamond, and just not off the boat  
journeyed past the clouds of stagna  
tion and reached the position where thy  
light shall no longer be dimmed! The  
band is coming on nicely. Tilsonburg  
is still marching on, though Norwich  
is catching up and may surprise a few  
if they don't get a better gait on.

(We regret being unable to obtain a  
photo of the District Officer.—Ed.)

WINDSOR—Ensign McMurch has  
held the reins of this District for some  
months. Progress is marked  
in all the little  
Districts in the  
District. The  
central corps is  
doing well, and  
a good work  
has been done.  
It is quite a  
manufacturing  
town, but outside of it there  
is little but  
farming, and

that has given way considerably to  
the demands of a degenerating industry—tobacco growing. The latter does  
not promise to become of permanent  
importance. Essex and Leamington  
are doing well, and the work of the  
past 12 or 14 years is still being added to,  
while the element of permanency in  
the results that have been accomplished  
was never more marked than

LONDON—This District is run from  
P. H. Q. The central corps has a fine  
lot of soldiers about 120 on the roll.  
A great work has been accomplished.  
The band is in much demand for  
hard work, and readiness to rally to  
any effort for the extension of the  
Kingdom. Moreover, they hold the  
championship of the Dominion in the  
late Self-Defense effort. The Army  
holds a warm place in the appreciation of  
the citizens, and the press is very  
favorable. St. Thomas is doing well  
and continues to add to its former tri  
umphs, though our work cannot be

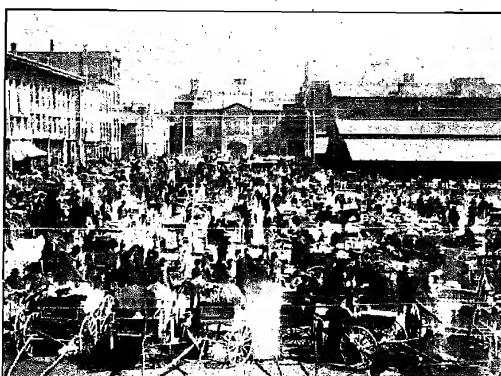
always been a prominent feature of  
the corps. Stratford and Watford are  
coming along nicely, and show some  
improvement—especially the former.  
Things are quiet commercially, while  
has the usual effect upon our operations,  
but it is a tribute to the Army's  
government, economy, and discipline,  
that a young concern can meet and  
survive these trying disadvantages.

Capt. Smith, the Cashier, is a product  
of the Berlin corps (Ont). He is  
quite an artist, and can turn  
his hand to almost anything.  
He has been in  
the service about five years.  
Thus in the five members  
of the Provincial Staff, there  
are about 70  
years of S. A. warfare represented.

#### Our Brave Officers.

Did he not sacrifice almost that he had?  
The burden of his toil, and turn aside  
To sleep above his sacrifice, and cast  
A sorrowing glance upon his childhood's home—  
Still, he had a heart, and a heart full of love,  
Something of earthly hope unextinct,  
Of earthly thought uncharter'd! Did he bring  
Life, and health, and strength, and all that make  
His loves, hopes and sorrows— and become as one  
Knowing no kindred but a perish'd world,  
No home, no country, no friends, no wife,  
No hope but of the winning back to life  
Of the dead nations, and no passing thought  
Save of the errand wherewith he was sent.  
—Whittier.

Nothing could better express the  
necessary price paid by our officers  
than the lines of our poet, who  
penned them in honor of a hero who  
had gone as a missionary to India.  
The conditions of unfettered service  
for God have always been, and are  
everywhere the same. The Saviour of



MARKET SQUARE, LONDON, ONT.

The x marks our favorite open-air stand.

which points to possibilities under  
better conditions.

#### The Provincial Staff.

Major and Mrs. Southall are the  
Provincial Officers, and since their  
taking command the Province has  
steadily advanced. They have, to  
gether, seen over thirty years of active  
service in the Army. The Major was  
drafted to Canada in '84, from the  
Clapton Training Homes, London,  
Eng., and after three field appointments  
was promoted to the staff. He  
then held the position of Divisional  
Officer for many years—Editor of the  
War Cry—Chancellor, and Provincial  
Officer.

Mrs. Southall was converted and a  
soldier at Barrie, Ont. She entered the  
Field in April '84. After serving as  
Lieutenant for some months was  
promoted to Captain and had com  
mand of the following corps—Midland,  
Guelph, Ingersoll, Woodstock and  
Hamilton I. Was married on relin  
quishing command of the latter, in  
1888.

Staff-Capt. Phillips, the Chancellor,  
is an old veteran, having seen 16 years  
service. His on-and-off Blood-and  
Fire spirit is well known. He has  
served as F. O. Manager of the Print  
ing Department four years, and held  
different staff positions.

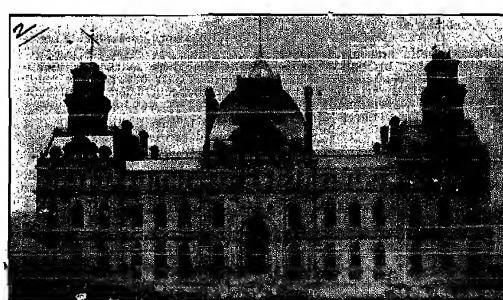
Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips has seen  
service for about the same period as  
her husband. She has had several  
commands as a Field Officer in Eng  
land, and is well-known to readers of  
the War Cry through her frequent  
contributions to its pages.



MRS. MAJOR SOUTHALL.

the world could not save himself, and  
the world has not changed its attitude  
to those who condemn its folly and  
wanton, its hypocrisy and pride, etc.  
While the world loses its own, and  
people continue to plumb themselves in  
the "fool's paradise" of animal se  
curity, it will hate and despise those  
who disturb their momentary pleasure  
—and curse those who tell them they  
are slumbering on a volcano. "The  
servant is not above his lord," is a  
mighty philosophy which has its ap  
plication to the latter end of the nine  
teenth century as in the first. Still,  
these "saviors" of others accept the  
conditions without murmuring, re  
joicing in the results of the present  
blessed and brightened—and are

(Continued on page 12.)



LONDON TOWN HALL.

In this building happened the terrible catastrophe of December 31st, 1897. A mass meeting was being held relative to the Mayoralty election, when the beam supporting the floor gave way and precipitated hundreds of people into the basement. About two hundred people were killed and wounded.

## GAZETTE.

## Promotions—

Lieutenant Ruth Crego to be Captain.  
Lieutenant Wm. Owen to be Captain.  
Lieutenant Brown to be Captain.  
Lieutenant Sleeth to be Captain.  
Lieutenant Glover, Hillsboro, to be Captain.  
Cadet Habkirk, Rat Portage, to be Lieutenant.  
Cadet Oakley, Hamilton Rescue Home, to be Lieutenant.

## Appointments—

ADJT. JORDAN, of Toronto Rescue Home, to Halifax Rescue Home.  
ENSIGN BECKSTEAD, resting, to Helens Rescue Home.  
ENSIGN CUMMINS, G. B. M. Agent North-West Province, to Neepawa Corps.  
ENSIGN ANNIE HAYES, Regina, to Devil's Lake Corps and District.  
Capt. Glover to Bismarck.  
Capt. Crego to Trenton.  
Capt. Owen to Sunbury.  
Capt. Brown to Perth.  
Capt. Sleeth to Prescott.  
Lieut. Habkirk to Bismarck.  
EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.



## The Siege.

## Gathering Force.

Again we are able to report an increase in the enthusiasm, energy and direct results of the Siege during the past week. The Commissioner's meetings in Newfoundland have set our forces on the Island blazing with white-hot zeal, and all previous records have been eclipsed. From Provincial centre, District Officers and corps of all grades, messages have come which unmistakably indicate that the Siege tactics are being carried out with telling effect. This is as it should be. We have Right on our side, and, although in carnal warfare brute force often triumphs over a righteous cause, yet, in our spiritual warfare we know it to be an indis-

putable fact that Right always triumphs. Watch, therefore, the devil's gates; under cover of darkness his spies will sneak about, to find out your weak points, and Is there where the enemy will attack you. We say again, watch, pray, and keep at it!

## A Challenge to the Drink Demon.

We threw down the gauntlet to King Alcohol when the Salvation Army was started by the General, and have never even considered a truce with him, but during Drink Week we must fight him more desperately than ever before. During the past week we have had a united effort for the improvement of our machinery for winning the children for God, and so prevent the making of drunkards; this week we want to have a desperate rally all along the line to unmake drunkards. Let us hunt up in every conceivable manner, button-hole and bring to the meetings the slaves of strong drink, and if the lines laid down in the Hand-Book are carefully and intelligently followed, the liberation of these victims on a gigantic scale should be the result. From the human side of it, our success will depend altogether on the amount of hard work and thought put into the effort.

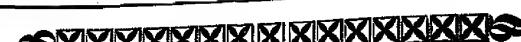
## Make Use of the Cry.

This edition contains material for two interesting meetings: I.—The Commissioner's, which should be read on the Sunday afternoon (see Notes to Officers on this page). II.—A Service of Song on page 6. This was announced in the Hand-Book as "Phantoms," but for plausible reasons that subject has been reserved for another occasion, when we shall be able to print it as an entirely novel and unique service. Will Officers note that the Service of Song is intended for Monday, Feb. 27th, not the 20th, as mentioned in the Hand-Book.

## EASTERN SIEGE WIRE.

St. John, N. B., Jan. 11, '90.  
The War Cry,  
Salvation Temple,  
Toronto.

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE HAS JUST CONDUCTED MOST PROFITABLE FOUR DAYS' STAFF AND FIELD COUNCILS. OVER NINETY OFFICERS PRESENT. SIEGE, JUNIOR WAR, AND PUBLICATION SYSTEM RECEIVED SPECIAL ATTENTION. OFFICERS ENTHUSIASTIC, AND CAN BE RELIED UPON TO PUSH



## LATEST WIRE!

ST. JOHNS, Nfld., Feb. 10.

Field Commissioner's Tour around Bay was a gigantic success and excelled her previous visit. Halls far too small. Soul-stirring addresses. Captivates audiences. Children take immense. Packed buildings till midnight. Crowd welcomed Commissioner at station. British Hall packed long before meeting. Admission ten cents. Souls at every place. Soldiers all on fire. Siege Booming.

J. D. SHARP.



## NOTE TO OFFICERS.

Respecting the Reading of the Field Commissioner's Article.

Officers should, if at all possible, arrange for three different people to read the Field Commissioner's article. "Drink's Triple Trail," each person to read one of the parts marked: "Drink's World," "Drink's Work," and "Drink's Woe."

It will considerably add to the effect of the reading to introduce a song at the end of each section. The following song will be appropriate:

To be sung when the first part, "Drink's World," has been read:

SOLO.

To the front, the cry is ringing,  
To the front, your place is there,  
In the conflict men are wanted,  
Men of hope, and faith, and prayer.  
Stern eyes, and iron will,  
From the battle's post to take us,  
Fear shall vanish in the fight,  
For triumphant God shall make us.

Chorus.

No retreating, hell defant,  
Shoulder to shoulder we stand,  
God looks down, with glory crowns  
Our conquering band.

To song at the conclusion of the second part, "Drink's Work."

SOLO.

Have you heard the voice of weeping,  
Have you heard the wail of woe,  
Have you seen the fearful reaping,  
Of a soul that sinks below?  
Rouse, then, who by Christ are freed,  
Heed, oh, heed the world's great  
need,  
To save the lost, like Him Who saved  
you,  
Forward speed!

Chorus.

With sword and shield, etc.  
Sing the verse marked in the text of the last part between the reading, and at the conclusion let all join in the singing of the following:

See the brazen hosts of hell,  
Art and power employing ;  
More than human tongue can tell,  
Blood-bought souls destroying,  
Hark ! from rulz's ghastly road,  
Vilem groan beneath their load,  
Forward ! oh, ye sons of God,  
And dare or die for Jesus.

Chorus.

Storm the forts of darkness,  
Bring them down, bring them down,  
Storm the forts of darkness,  
Bring them down, bring them down,  
Pull down Satan's kingdom where'er  
he holds dominion ;  
Go, storm the forts of darkness,  
bring them down,  
Glory, honor to the Lamb !  
Praise and power to the Lamb !  
Glory, honor, praise and power  
Be forever to the Lamb !



## THE LATEST FROM THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

ST. JOHNS, Nfld., Feb. 9, 1899.

Indescribable meetings at Carbonear, Brigus and Bay Roberts. We had the largest halls packed an hour before commencement of meetings, in spite of the admission charges. Great crowds turned away. Prayer meetings extremely difficult, owing to the fact that aisles were blocked with the crowds staying right through the meetings. Officers and soldiers are full of Heaven's electric fire. Officers and soldiers are praying, singing, shouting and believing for the salvation of the whole island. They are a precious and devoted lot. Thirty-two souls at the penitent-form. Newfoundland forever!

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.



OTTAWA.—We have been favored by a visit from Adj't. Wiseman, the Financial Special, who led the meetings Sunday, 22nd, also Ensign Parker, the new G. B. M. Agent, paid us his first visit during the week, and last, but not least, our Provincial leader, Brigadier Bennett, arrived on Saturday. Brigadier reported success. Brigadier conducted all meetings here on Sunday. Afternoon subject "Skin of your teeth." Evening subject "Food and their folly." On Monday night Brigadier led a half-night of prayer. Grand meetings, the result of which may be a harvest of souls and the extension of God's Kingdom.

But  
I was to  
but never  
quietly se  
and the on  
strangely  
father, the  
and would  
One night  
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being out  
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creeps up  
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of moder



## DRINK'S WORLD.

TS paths, inlaid with snare and ruin, run from the highest and most cultured places of our most enlightened lands, down through the darkest alleys of poverty and pauperism, and into the lowest vaults of infamy and vice. There is no thoroughfare so wide, no hut so desolate, no cave so hidden, no nation so fair, no strand so laden with disastrous wreck, but where the heavy tread of this monster, Drink, with either the wail of destruction in its tramp, or with its venomous sting hidden by its deluding glare, has been heard in its funeral march.

It dwells in marble halls; the most gorgeous tapestry bedecks its chambers; the walls through which it glides are spacious and imposing; it is no stranger to the art of the most beautiful—skill, the most elaborate; the floors over which its stealthy feet glide are often marble, the ceilings of gilded framework, the frescoed walls upon which it casts its shadows are of mahogany and satinwood; its blazing gas-jets in globes of dainty hues hang from massive brackets; its ear is accustomed to the sweetest strains of most cultured music, into which it will only too surely introduce all the dirges of minor keys; its envious eye rests with ravishing greed upon the beauteous form of fairest creature, and the most elegant spread of glorious nature, and most artistic skill displayed in picture, with thirst to cast its blight all.

## INFANTICIDE AND SUICIDE.

A lady, extravagantly dressed, holding by the hand a sweet little boy of some six years, also displaying all taste and plenty in his attire, accompanied by a nurse with a fair baby of six months in her arms, attended one of my more select meetings in the Old Country.

She seemed to take something of a fancy to me, and waited to speak to me at the conclusion of the meeting. I felt some affinity with her—perhaps it was the hidden sorrow, of which I knew nothing, drew in an imperceptible way upon my sympathy. But we talked happily over a cup of tea, in the vestry; I kissed the children, prayed with them, and blessed them.

We met occasionally after this. I was to have gone to her home, but never found the time. She frequently sent the little boy to see me, and the only thing that impressed me strangely was when asking of his father, the nurse became very agitated, and would change the conversation. One night, at the conclusion of a large meeting, to my surprise, I found the nurse sitting in the lobby, with a face white as death.



"No! Nurse cries because mother has gone away with baby."

Then the girl, burying her head in her hands, said: "Oh! my mistress has gone to jail."

"To jail?" I gasped.

"Yes! she has killed the baby; she put laudanum in its milk by mistake—she was drunk."

A letter afterwards told me she had committed suicide.

Yes! they fall as a star from the very heavens—to a cinder in hell.

\*\*\*\*\*

But drink stays not there. It sits at the hearth of the humbler home; it gazes with hideous smile upon the honest toil for bread; it creeps up-stairs; it glitters on the table in the little festivities of the happy home, lurking behind the damnable argument of the harmlessness of moderate drinking, while with hungering designs it lays its plans with

careful calculation as to the little time it will take to snatch the pretty blue frock from the little form, and the pretty pink flush from the little cheek, the good warm boots from the little feet, the carpet from the floor, and the clock from the shelf; the gladness from the mother's eye, and the honor from the father's heart; the bread from the cupboard, and the fire from the grate.

But drink stays not there! Through the courts and alleys its blood-besmeared feet hasten with a rapidity only lent to absolute and complete destruction; down into the cellars, up into the garrets; hid away in sheds; in any and every hole that can shelter want and woe are to be found crawling, standing, sitting, leaning, kneeling, treading the slaves and victims of this dark passion—Drink! Their faces are

drawn with agony; their reasons distorted with crime; their names are blighted with shame; their homes are gone; their characters are gone—all over the counter for beer, all into the hotel-keeper's till, all into the brewer's pocket.

But Drink stays not here. It is the shadow behind the garish foot-lights of the stage. It is the demon glare thrown into the brilliancy of the ball-room. It is the frenzied fascination of the gambling-table. Its playthings are the fair babes of our cradles; its merriment the tears of our wronged and bereaved; its sport the haunted consciences of wretched man, and the delirious wanderings of maddened minds; its nature the blood of its victims.

Its sky is blackened with the pall of death; its rivers a multitude of fallen tears; its atmosphere thickened with the wail of suffering. *Drink is a Dragon thirsting for human blood! It is a Monster with a rabid lust for human life! It is a Pestilence which paralyzes the will, bewilders the brain! It is a Flame, scorching and withering all it touches!* It is the most active, the most powerful, the most successful enemy of the soul, for it is not one sin, it is all crushing the old, cursing the young, and blighting even the children.

The Demon of Drink says with Napoleon: "Give me the children, and I will conquer the world."

## DRINK'S WORK.

**I**T is gradual. Almost all drunkards were once moderate drinkers. There has never been known a man who has intended to be mastered by this power. The supposed harmlessness of the one glass has been the damnation of body and soul for a thousand times ten thousand men. Oh, this tasting of father's glass with the children, this having it in the cupboard, this countenancing and patronizing in part of what on the whole is a world-wide traffic of destruction, has just been the lighting of the fires which have consumed three parts of earth's best and brightest.

Of all arguments which to my mind are the most base in their gross distortions of natural reason, their contradiction of all conscience-dictates, and annihilation of all manly honor, are those which would plead in favor of drink in moderation, as though the fact of taking the death-drug in small quantities could change its nature—which nature is restless, untiring pursuit until all is devoured and destroyed.

*Is Hell Heaven, because Hell  
In little drops be given?*

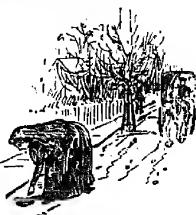
Oh, the thousands of young men who start with no greater desire or intention than to be in the fashion—they take the first glass in the high-class hotels of the city, but they have linked hands with the monster; the grasp becomes tighter and tighter, until the touch of the friend is lost in the grip of the fiend. Listen! The clock strikes twelve! It is the death-knell of a soul; the gas-jets intermingle their lights with the bleared glare of the youth; the flush of his cheek is the breath of eternal woe. The saloon-keeper cuffs him, waking him from his drunken slumber, says it is time to close, throws him out—he's down—he's damned! He began a moderate drinker in a first-class hotel—he finishes his dissipation an inveterate drunkard in the lowest saloon.

Banish the drink both in small and great quantities! Banish it from your homes, from your children, from your wives, from your tables, from your cities, and, God helping you, from this our fair country.

## FIVE YEARS' WORK.

One of my officers was driving through one of the border streets in a city of this country.

Attention was drawn to a tall, slight figure on the sidewalk; a woman, who wore widows' weeds; her attire gave evidence of a continual effort to retain neatness. The skirt was brushed threadbare, the boots were patched, the little bonnet was extremely worn. The figure halted, gave a quick look round, then stooped and snatched from the gutter a crust—then another



look round, and holding up her shawl to prevent all possible detection, began to gnaw away at the frozen bread.

The officer drew up the rig and sprang to her side saying, "You are hungry and in want. Can I help you?"

Her story was soon told. What a happy home, what a loving husband; what a beautiful baby she had once! "My lover, my sweetheart, my husband, my protector, my supporter, and my baby all carried away by the drink, sir—in five short years."

My honored and sainted mother, in her writings, speaks about the drink traffic as follows:—

"But not only is abstinence valuable, nay, indispensable, in order to preserve those rescued out of the power of this great destroyer, but it is equally valuable to prevent others from falling into it."

We all profess to believe that prevention is better than cure. Seeing, then, that strong drink is proved to be the most dangerous foe to perseverance in righteousness, and the most potent cause of decadence, inconsistency and apostacy, ought not Christians to strive, both by example and precept, to warn the young, the weak, and the inexperienced from touching it?

Can any man answer for the consequences of putting a bottle to his neighbor's mouth—be it ever such a small one, or ever such a gentle one? God has recorded His curse against the man who does this, and thousands of hoary-haired parents, broken-hearted wives, and weeping, blighted children groan their "Amen" to the dreadful sentence.

Perchance there are some men who can take these drinks in what they call moderation, and suffer no visible injury; nevertheless, let that man beware who touches that which God cursed, for there are injuries invisible more to be dreaded than all the plagues of Egypt!"

It is complete! I was just about ready to leave a city lately visited by me, when a lady stepping from a carriage was ushered into my room. Her countenance was of exceptional beauty, her apparel was of costly worth, her speech denoted education and refinement; putting out her hand she said, "My apology for taking up your time, Miss Booth, was my anxiety to speak to the only woman that has ever made me cry, and this I did all through your address last night." A few minutes' talk revealed the reason of the hot tears referred to.

The story ran much on all those things which used to be—loving home, beautiful nursery, the mother's care, the gentle training, the happy marriage, and then—always having been a moderate drinker—drink in greater quantities was the only receipt for relief from the grief and unexpected sorrow. And with bated breath and staring eye, she whispered, "It is the drink, Miss Booth! It has driven my husband from me, locked up my children in the convent; spent my fortune; it has shut the doors of my home, blasted my character, robbed my virtue—and now I am down past the reach of any man, and even God Himself!" And she gathered her cloak around her, and before I could speak she said, "I must go: you may tell my story to as many as you like—it may save some other creature who is as fair as I once was fair, from becoming as black as I now am black."

I say the work of drink is complete. It not only throws overboard every enjoyable feature of circumstances—running with the library and instruments to the pawnbrokers, but what is much more to be prized—he strips the subject himself of his priceless treasure—puts his hand down on reason and turns it into imbecility—puts his hand down on honor—honor with which none can part without bitter agony—and turns it to shame; puts his hand down on truth and turns it to craft and falsehood; puts his hand down on beauty and so mars, scars, tears and hacks until no trace of loveliness can be found.

It stays not at taking the bloom from the cheek, but goes on until the death breeze fan it; it stays not at bent back, round shoulders, curved spine, and fractured limbs, but goes on until it lays the body in the grave.

Complete in its ruin of body, soul and mind!

I knew of a garret absolutely empty, but for the suffering form of a drunken woman and a few rags.

The birth of the baby boy that morning brought with it no maternal affection, but only the fervent prayer that it would die; not a rag was prepared for the unwelcome mite; its first bath was in the boiler, and its first covering part of an old garment torn from the back of his little sister. However, the poor little babe persisted in living, in spite of these unwelcome circumstances, and nine days afterwards

appeared with its mother in the county court. The fact of the matter was that all the furniture had gone to meet the infurated demands of the unpaid landlord, but did not nearly satisfy the amount due.

"How can you pay this account?" asked the judge of the woman. Divining her hands underneath the tattered shawl which covered her otherwise bare shoulders, she drew forth her naked babe, and holding it forth at her bony arm's length said, "You can take this if you like!"

The woman afterwards was heard to sob out in the ears of her dark world's one friend, "I wor so mad that I hardly knew what I wor doin'!"

"You can take this, if you like."

The woman afterwards was heard to sob out in the ears of her dark world's one friend, "I wor so mad that I hardly knew what I wor doin'!"

### DRINK'S WOE

WHO can tell its story? What pen could write its tale? What heart could cry the griefs of drink and woe?

Look at this procession if we can. Let God touch our imagination and help us to do so.

Their tread is ever languid, their faces never smile; their hearts are ever bleeding. Each day for them but brings new curses—new brutality—new hunger—new

fear, and new dread.

If they pray, then with every awakening morning and every setting sun they ask God, the Creator, by pity of the sorrow, to number them with the dead.

A crowded court in:

Toronto—this city—in the prisoner's box stands a forlorn and desperate looking woman—a creature to whom one blushes to give the name of woman.

No small consternation is caused by a police official, carrying over a chair to place on the steps where the witnesses stand.

The tiny hand clinging to the strong fingers of a stalwart constable is that of a baby witness, only four years old, whose little frail form is lifted up on the chair. You might have thought the sunlight concentrated all its golden glory in the ringlets of the hair, the skin was of snowy complexion, the features pinched with want, but correctly marked, and the eyes two large windows for the soul to look through.

Little Maggie was her name; she was the child of the woman in the prisoner's dock. She had been swung round and round by the hair, in her mother's drunken rage, and was brought to show the wounds, a proof of the story.

"Did your mother do this?" the child was asked. The lips parted to answer in the affirmative, when the little face was lifted to the pitiable object opposite her. Seeing the woman standing between two big policemen, she took in her mother's woeful position, and lifting her large eyes to the judge with a trembling quiver in the baby lips, and the worn plainly showing in her head, she said, "No sir; my mother never did it, my mother never did it!"

What a revision of God's loving purposes! A four-year old baby shielding and pleading for its mother!

This is not in a heathen land; this is in our own. This is in no barbarous country—this is on our doorstep; it runs through our streets. They are our own fair girls and our brave sons who sink beneath this dark tide, and are drawn into the vortex of this whirlpool!

Do I believe it? Yes, not only because I've heard so much of it, but because I've seen so much of it.

Why, only just near my own office, a little time back, in this beautiful city, a father killed his own son by driving the tailor's scissors into his heart. He was drunk. When sober, and told what he had done, he lost his reason with grief. Does it not behove us, as Christian men and women, should it not compel our churches where the word of God is upheld, where righteousness is contended for, and solace of all grief proclaimed, should it not constrain us as a Christian country to arise, and equipping ourselves with the weapons of Truth and Righteousness with irresistible perseverance, strike out at the enemy in season and out of season, with a force which springs from the knowledge of this sin, and from the accumulated wrongs, oppressions, griefs, sorrows, tears of Drink's Woe?

### DAISY.

Daisy by name, and daisy indeed in form—a daisy in a slum, perhaps, but all the same a daisy, despite the pinched features, pale cheek, ragged frock and naked feet. She darts up the rickety stairway of the drunkard's home, and to the pale-faced mother, who plied her needle and thread until the early hours of the morning, holds up a bunch of faded flowers; and cries, "Look, mother, now I can sell them for something for you for supper." The little bare head and naked feet stand a long time in the biting wind of the winter's night, but no one buys. At last a well dressed man, to the delight of the child, asks:

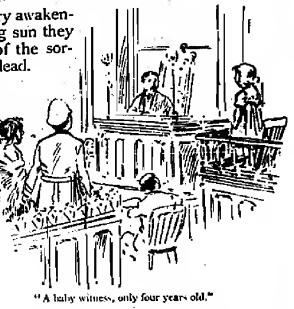
"And what d'yer want for them flowers, little 'un?"

"Whatever you like to give, sir."

The heart of the purchaser, evidently touched by the pitiful, appealing glance of the eyes uplifted, gives ten cents, and a looker-on might have thought that the breath of the night had caught the child for the speed with which she passed down the street. It was the first silver coin the tiny fingers had clasped, and too excited to restrain her joy, immediately on reaching the wretched home, calls out as she climbs the rickety stairs:

"Oh, mother, mother, ten cents! A gentleman gave it to me—for the flowers—I have sold them, Look, mother," holding up the coin—"all shining."

Unfortunately, the father is there. He has heard the words "ten cents," and demands that the money be given him; the child crouches with horror behind the door of the garret.



"A lady witness, only four years old."



"A lady was ushered into my room."

"Give me that money," cries the child. "No! no!" screams the child, "buy her something to eat. I've got

The man, enraged with drunken fury, saying, "I'll teach you to keep money from your father," lifts up his foot—a man's foot—with a boot on—a man's boot, and kicks the little figure against the opposite wall of the garret, which is splashed with his blood. He snatches the coin from the now unconscious fingers, and the monster of brutality stumbles down stairs, heedless of where his heavy boot has fallen, into the nearest saloon. He turns just as the man behind him is saying:

"Why, yer might have thought the little un had got wings fixed on there and then; she simply flew, bairn know; no worth," pointing to the figure, "I 'twere just to give her somethin'; I can't get the sight on her out of my

The drunken father stayed no time, but turned conscience-smitten to the throbs of an Army drum and the attraction. Not knowing whether to the barracks; the meeting goes on prays with him; somebody cries out

All the waters of the sea  
But Thy precious blood  
Jesus, Jesus, white o'er me  
Thou canst receive me all

The man gets soundly clobbered, tells his wife the story. He is never

### APOLYON'S AUCTION.

BY ENSIGN PERRY.

THE devil has an auction which is continually going on. It is a miscellaneous one, for everything is sold that will catch the eye and please the fancy. These things are eagerly bought by the assembled crowd that always attends the sale. The devil has scattered among the crowd a large number of agents or imps, who are continually whispering in the ears of his would-be patrons such words of encouragement to buy. The sales are much more easily made.

The devil is a good auctioneer. How easily he puts on a false representation regarding his offered goods. Strange to say, the fascination is such that people who have once been defrauded will again buy in hope of getting a bargain.

Ah, methinks I see the devil now as he mounts the auctioneer's stand, with his attending imps about him, and begins a sale.

### A Lot of Liquor

is first banded up to him. He offers it by the case or bottle.

Hold up a bottle of whiskey first he asks for a bid. Does he hear one? Yes, in a moment. It's a strong man who buys it for forty cents. It has cost him says the crowd, and the devil puts on another one. But has forty cents been the real price? No, a thousand times, no! It has been infinitely more.

Could you unveil that young man's future you would see what has been the real cost. An appetite for the strong drink has been created, for it is his first bottle; then follow all the evils of a drunkard's life—a mother's brood, the heart, the bringing of others into misery by marriage, broken health, early grave and a lost soul. What a price to pay for one bottle of whiskey!

I glance towards the auctioneer's stand again. I see the devil now offering

### A Lot of Novels

for sale. He has them in stacks by the stand. His agents pass them on to him as quickly as the people will buy. How readily they sell too. First is offered one of the striking titles. A young girl is the first bidder. "Thirty cents" is the amount the people standing round have seen her give for it. She elbows her way out of the crowd

ry? What pen could write its  
art could cry the griefs of drink  
on occasion if we can. Let God  
and help us to do so.  
anguid, their faces never smile;  
eding. Each day for them but  
x brutality—new hunger—new



y witness, only four years old.

fingers of a stalwart constable  
old, whose little frail form is  
thought the sunlight concen-  
s of the hair, the skin was of  
with want, but correctly marked,  
oul to look through.

as the child of the woman in  
round and round by the hair,  
ought to show the wounds, a

ld was asked. The lips parted  
le face was lifted to the pitiable  
standing between two big  
ll position, and lifting her large  
er in the baby lips, and  
id, "No sir; my mother never  
poses! A four-year old baby

s in our own. This is in no  
; it runs through our streets.  
sons who sink beneath this  
of this whirlpool!

use I've heard so much of it,

little time back, in this beauti-  
iving the tailors' scissors into  
and told what he had done, he  
ove us, as Christian men and  
s where the word of God is  
or, and solace of all grief pro-  
Christian country to arise, and  
Truth and Righteousness with  
enemy in season and out of  
the knowledge of this sin, and  
ns, griefs, sorrows, tears of

orm—a daisy in a slum, per-  
pinched features, pale cheek,  
p the rickety stairway of the  
other, who plied her needle  
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"Give me that money," cries the father.

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"Why, yer might have thought the little un had got wings fixed on there and then; she simply flew, bare feet, too; 'tweren't the flowers, you know; no worth," pointing to the faded bunch lying on the bar; "but 'twere just to give her somethin'; I tell you, now, I wish I'd given her more; she looked so pitiful and hungry, too—I believe she said her mother was sick; anyway, I never saw feet run like those little uns; I can't get the sight on her out of my eyes!"

The drunken father stayed no longer to hear more of the conversation, but turned conscience-smitten into the street. Just at that moment the throb of an Army drum and the ringing strains of cornets attracted attention. Not knowing whether to go he follows the procession into the barracks; the meeting goes on; somebody talks to him; somebody prays with him; somebody cries over him; and while they sing :

*All the waters of the sea cannot wash my sins away,  
But Thy precious blood can do the deed to-day;  
Jesus, Jesus, while o'er my sins I grieve,  
Thou canst receive me and cleanse, I believe.*

The man gets soundly converted; he hurries home up the stairs, tells his wife the story. He is never going to drink any more he says.

## APOLLYON'S AUCTION.

By ENSIGN PERRY.

THE devil has an auction which is continually going on. It is a miscellaneous one, for everything is sold that will catch the eye and please the fancy. These things are eagerly bought by the assembled crowd that always attends the sale. The devil has scattered among the crowd a large number of cards or money who are continually whispering in the ears of his would-be patrons such words of encouragement to buy, that sales are much more easily made. The devil is a good auctioneer. How easily he puts on a false representation regarding his offered goods. Strange to say, the fascination is such that people who have once been defrauded will again buy in hope of getting a bargain.

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Holding up a bottle of whisky first he says for a bid. Does he hear one? Yes, in a moment. It's a young man who buys it. Forty cents it has cost him, says the crowd, and the devil puts up another one. But has forty cents been the real price? No, no! He takes out his revolver and then in a pool of blood he is seen upon the floor—life gone, soul lost—the price of infinitely more.

Could you believe that young man's future you would see what has been the real cost? An apple that a strong devil has been created for it is his first bidder, then follow all the evils of a drunkard's life—mother's broken heart, the bringing of others into misery by marriage, broken health, early grave and a lost soul. What a price to pay for one bottle of whisky!

I glance towards the auctioneer's stand again. I see the devil now offering

### A Lot of Novels

shouts the devil. "How much am I offered for these hats?" How the women look! What eager eyes are now towards the becoming object.

What do I hear? A little boy whispering in the ear of a young woman. "Just what you want, Miss. See the blending of color. Just suit your complexion. The right shade of green to match that dark red. You must buy it before it goes."

"I've the money," replied the young lady, "but I really want it for other things, and can't afford the hat."

"But," says the imp, "you must keep up your appearance in dress, and there is an easy way I know of getting money."



"And kicks the little figure against the opposite wall."

With tears in the woman's eyes, scarcely knowing whether to believe it, she says, "Hush," and points to the little heap of rags and whiteness on the bed. "The only color there was the heavy blood-stains on the brow.

"Oh, my God, have I killed her?" the man gasped.

"No, but you have kicked her eye out."

The marble-like figure stirred. "Oh, is that you, papa? Come here to me, papa; I am not dead, and I'm not sleeping. I have heard all you've said to mamma. Oh, I'm so glad you're made good, papa. I don't mind losing my eye, if you'll only be good and good to mamma. I would lose my two eyes to make you good."

The tall figure of the man went down in a heap at the child's side, and the two little arms blindly feeling, found their way round his neck.

"Papa," she asked, "could you sing one of the hymns they sing where they have those bright meetings?"

"Oh, Daisy, I can't sing; I don't know any good songs. I don't know nothing good yet."

"Well, could you just put your arm round me, papa? you know, like you never did, and hold me up and I will sing." The rough arm unaccustomed to expressions of affection or tenderness held up the little form, and the weak, trembling voice, with many quivers from darts of pain rang through the garret.

*There is a better world, they say, Oh, so bright!*

*Where sin and woe are done away, Oh, so bright!*

*There music fills the balmy air,*

*And angels with bright wings are there,*

*And harps of gold, and mansions fair, Oh, so bright!*

and an angel kissing the cheek, bore the little spirit to the land of which the child spake, while the broken-hearted father poured on the face, cold in death, the hot and passionate kisses that should have been given in life. The little darling did give her two eyes and the gift thrust open the flood-gates of parental affection and let loose the rivers of redeeming grace.

Strike out at Drink, this giant foe of virtue and peace with a hand that will not stay, and a heart that will not relent, and feet that will not halt until we have driven the enemy without our gates, and our land stands an example of soberness and happiness in the front rank of all the countries of the world.

Soon the hat is knocked down to the desiring girl. "It cost ten dollars and we will see her out in it to-morrow." She says to her friends. She passes home, I try to estimate the real cost of the hat.

The young girl takes the imp's a-vice and her virtue, for she must appear nice. Life seems gay. She leads in fashion. "How out she do it," says her criticizing companions, but it is only a part of the long list of extravagant expenditure.

What next? A foolish price is paid for the hat. Friends shun her parents cast her off. Life's gaiety becomes a past enjoyment, disease takes hold—a dark dyed hour, with no loving mother to soothe the dying pillow—bitter remorse—death—a lost soul!

But what about the other hat? A middle-aged woman is the buyer. Fifteen dollars it has cost. No, no, exceedingly more, for she has bought other hats at similar auction sales, but it is only a part of the long list of extravagant expenditure.

The price is paid to the auctioneer, and the man sent to be followed up by several others, for a man doesn't play cards alone. The people say he has given twenty-five cents for the cards, but let us see. He is a gambler, his associates gamblers. That very night around a table in a secret place the playing and gambling begins. The betting money is placed in the hands of the stakeholder. Each one is anxious to win.

What about the man who bought the cards? Ah, he has lost, lost again. The cards, telling him he must buy. Finally he finds himself ruined. His thoughts of his true-hearted wife and loving children at home. He can't tell them of his failure. No, no! He takes out his revolver and then in a pool of blood he is seen upon the floor—life gone, soul lost—the price of infinitely more.

Now I find myself looking again at the auctioneer. What next is passed up to him? It is two nicely-trimmed fashionable hats.

### Fancy, Fancy, Fancy,

shouts the devil. "How much am I offered for these hats?" How the women look! What eager eyes are now towards the becoming object. What do I hear? A little boy whispering in the ear of a young woman. "Just what you want, Miss. See the blending of color. Just suit your complexion. The right shade of green to match that dark red. You must buy it before it goes."

"I've the money," replied the young lady, "but I really want it for other things, and can't afford the hat."

"But," says the imp, "you must keep up your appearance in dress, and there is an easy way I know of getting money."

### A Fine Race Horse.

"Somebody make me a bid," cries the devil, and fifteen hundred dollars is shouted by a certain individual.

"Wait, master," says an imp close at hand. "I don't know the value of that horse; she is just a little mare, and a runner, too. I saw her bring in a man \$500 the other day at a race. She is really worth two thousand, and you'll soon get it back."

"Eighteen hundred," cries a contemporary, which stirs up the aforementioned individual to offer two thousand. The horse is sold to him and led off by an imp to the buyer's stable.

The race day comes. The two thousand dollar horse is brought forth.

Certainly she is going to win. The owner has placed a goodly sum at her back, but she loses. Someone has a swifter horse. He tries again, but is beaten. He has to draw heavily from his income. He has already paid out in betting one thousand dollars more. He has, as well, neglected his business, his family, and worst of all, his immortal soul. Too dear a price do you say? Infinitely.

"What next?" says the devil to his attending agent. "Books, infidel books, sir, nice ones, From the Best Authors."

"Now we have it," says the devil. "Infidel works, singly or by the lot; make me a bid."

A young man stands before him. He can't buy the lot, so bids on the dollar he has paid—but wait, is that the real price? No, only the first cost. Let us look at the future. The young man's belief in God's wisdom and love first becomes shaken. He sees flaws in the Bible. Why hadn't he seen them before? He says:

"I am not going to be weak enough to follow money's teachings any longer. It is right for her, it was comforting in her last hours, but I am a man, and I'm going to be free, a follower of Ingerson."

Let us lift the veil. What is life to him? He tries to bush all before God, but can't. Then follows dissipation in the extreme. He finally takes life—gallows next—then a stern realization of hell's tortures. What a price for a few pages of infidel notions!

Time is passing. I cannot stay long at the sale, but as I pass out I hear the dealer offering a set of tickets for worldly pleasure—a ticket to the Sunday excursion, a ticket to a theater, a ticket to a dancing school. I hear the fiddlers, and then the impes shouting out that the people have made good bargains.

Then I go home to think of the cost—THE COST—social interests forfeited, lives blighted, God's laws disregarded, all at the expense of the soul. Then I take up the Bible and read in St. Matthew:

"What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"I am quite sure that God meant us to constantly bear in mind that life is short, opportunity fleeting, the soul immortal, the destinies of the soul deeply colored. If not forever fixed by the actions of to-day."—Parrot.



WEDNESDAY.  
"Shall we be as His Lord?"  
Matt. x. 25.

lest honor, that can be won  
in the service of Christ is  
the service of the Cross. The  
rest that of our lives bear to our  
more pronounced will the  
world be toward us.  
I expect to receive hetero-  
geneous hands than He did. It  
is not only persecution, but  
several may shadow our plans.  
Hence, yet it is conscientiously  
we will we can afford to  
misrepresentations of the  
though "now through a  
we look to the time  
will see Him Who endured  
the affliction of sinners to face to

THURSDAY.  
Word of Service.—Daudel v.  
16-23.

is full of people who  
Job's wife, with a disagree-  
"Does the Christian serve  
us?" Said some who  
and himself in when east  
men's den, deserve the sure  
which God gives for ser-  
deliverances are won-  
sure is pressed down, and  
and more than reward  
while it is our bounden  
all as our pleasure, to fulfil.

FRIDAY.

Another.—Gal. v. 12.  
plenty of people who are  
to worship God, and  
their possessions too, but when comes to  
neighbor as the devil  
him too, they stop short.  
that to please God they  
the second great command-  
ment with the first. Duty  
duty to man must go hand  
brist's example, when He  
disciples' feet shows us  
and loving should be our  
thers.

SATURDAY.

service.—Rev. vll. 14-17.  
It does not sever the bond  
to our Master, is a happy  
of the occupations of the  
ld we have no more defin-  
ge to that we shall  
day and night." And we  
with this. The hard tasks  
here, the sorrow and the  
theirs for perfected ser-  
perfect Lord, where He is  
our work will be done in  
sense under the personal  
of our Lord.

## of the Cross.

the extension of the Slim  
General's latest intention  
War Cry. "Sisters  
lars if this import-  
ture. The "Sisters  
or" will be es-  
of the poor, and will con-  
mission which so early  
them the title of Slim  
there will be more of  
general says:

waiting, the new method  
rations, described some  
utmost been got fairly  
I space and time, I  
e it and pitch it on the  
prayers of every lover  
of the Year.

I believe  
has in the elements  
produce a revolution in  
conditions of the desol-  
of these gloomy hells in  
y of the inhabitants of  
luxurious cities have to

r. Coombs, the British  
nals for volunteers, and  
hat many friends and  
sure and aptitude will  
not offer part of their  
for attending the  
sick and others, else suf-  
ficult conditions are shut-  
three of them:  
to wear Slim Uniform  
and must be prepared  
vies under the direction  
t. devote at least six  
to Slim Work in such  
be decided.  
t. undertake this work  
ve, without expectation



the practice of sin and evil habit that it cunningly and gradually, yet surely, steals from you all power of resistance and holds you terrorized, a complete conqueror of you.

"I can't help it," says the drunkard, as with staggering feet and muddled brain, with fiery breath and empty pocket, with burning throat and empty shot eyes, he stumbles into the ABODE, which ought to be a HOME, but which, being robbed of comfort, deprived of happiness, and bared with poverty, is a constant scene of sorrow and shame. The wife is too broken-hearted to leave the wretched dungeon of bare walls and floor, with its creaking stove and empty cupboard, with its crouching, shivering children, whose pinched faces, half-clothed forms, and piteous cries, are the only appeal which can now sufficiently touch the deluded and ruined affections of the once kind father, as to cause the now degraded drunkard to offer his best apology, "I can't help it," for being the sole cause of the sad predicament.

The blasphemous, whose profane tongue and lying lips issuing forth curses and blasphemies continually,

make him a sure terror to all who come in contact with him, when met and cornered and shamed by truth, purity, and integrity, excuses himself with, "I can't help it."

Those fallen ones, too, whose virtues have given way to vice, and whose purity and morality have long since become "a thing of the past," by the strong and shameless passions of a sin-cursed nature, and who continue to add fire to fire, evil to evil, and sin to sin, until they see no better, and more, and more, to remedy than their own blighted and wretched wiped-out wills, and plead, as they go on in sin's downward course, "I can't help it."

And so the whirlpool of iniquity goes round, and on, ever carrying with it and sinking lower and lower into its mighty suction and power, the men and youths, the women and maidens, the old and the young; in a few cases, the boys and girls, the Territory down the current of sin's dashing stream, into the crashing breakers, and rugged rocks, and shifting shoals of the self-destroying, and soul-damning current of "I can't help it."

Is there no help for these sad wrecks? Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no Physician there?

A contribution answering the concluding questions of the above article, will appear in our next issue, under the title: "Morphine Mastered," by Lieut.-Colonel Margetts.



GEORGE WOULD NOT FIGHT.

## The Evolution of a Seed.

### STAGE SEVEN.

They were drifting down stream—had been so for days, and were likely to do so for days more. After the tedious tramps and hard travelling of their journey to the West, their progress down the Saskatchewan seemed monotonous and slow. All day long their flat boats were carried along by the current—where the river was narrow and deep with considerable speed, where it was broad and shallow they crept sluggishly along, liable at any moment to a "bump"—on a sandbar. When this occurred there was nothing for it but to wade. Sometimes the water was deep so that the soldiers had to wade in the boats, while their taller comrades lightened their craft and pushed her off. As Seeds could stand upright with dry crown in nearly six feet of water, he was constantly in the water. At night they anchored under the river's high steep banks. They had the uncomfortable conviction that excellent marks they would have been lying here for any Indians who might be in ambush on the high ground above. But either there were no Indians about, or they did not

discover their enemy's whereabouts, for the soldiers were unmolested.

As yet the company, of which Seeds seemed a part had had no taste of the actual fighting, for which they had so keen an appetite. To all points where a brush with the enemy was anticipated they had been despatched, but the uncertain movements of the Indians had disappointed them.

At Saskatoon they halted and visited the military hospital which was established there. Seeds shuns aversion. Over seven in their suffering—some of Seeds' regiment, the Midland, were amongst the victims of Batoche. A Socialist comrade died of his wounds here. He maintained his trust in God amid indescribable agonies.

At Clark's Crossing, where another halt was made, an incident occurred which left an ineffaceable effect on Seeds' character. His avowed Socialist had been rejected after five jokes or two with some respect by nearly all his comrades. There were, however, one or two who yet cherished a grudge against the man who was true to his principles. One of these, a regular bully, maliciously stole Seeds' allotted amount of sugar out of his haversack, while the latter was busy unloading the boat. Seeds saw the theft committed and detected the spiteful instinct that prompted it. His face flushed with sudden anger

why should he be thus tormented? It was a little straw, but it broke the camel's back. For the first time since his conversion Seeds lost control of himself and directed a well-aimed blow at the bully. The latter squared his fists and offered to fight. But Seeds' sudden anger had already spent itself. Never will he forget the burning shame of that moment. He had disgraced his God—lowered the flag. His hands dropped as suddenly as they had clinched.

"I will not fight," he said. "I was wrong in touching you, though you did steal from me. You can strike me if you like, but I shall not return it."

That night in his tent, before his astonished comrades, confessed his studious faint, and promised in God's strength never to repeat it. He kept his word, and from that day forward losing his comrades' trust, nothing but respect and confidence in his manhood had made him brave enough to own his wrongs.

In the little tent which the soldiers built of brushwood on the outskirts of the camp, Seeds and his Salvatourist chum conducted little prayer meetings which made their influence felt upon the whole company. Though their bravery and consistency had won for them universal confidence, they found the ground no easy one when it came to recruiting for the Cross. All in all, some eight converts were the visible soul set by God upon their efforts during the campaign.

The further events of the expedition are too long to be told here. Seeds' patriotic ambitions were not satisfied by any active engagement, though he had abundant evidences of the stern realities of the trenchery of the foe which had met others. It fell to his lot, with others, to discover the scene of the terrible massacre and respectfully bury the mangled dead.

The soldiers' death, which Colonel whose bravery in the charge and Christian consideration for his men under all circumstances had made him universally loved and respected, cast a gloom over the soldiers' home-coming.

Royal welcomes awaited them at all halting-places on route. Sad to say, the warmth of ovation surrounded the soldiers with temptations. At the end of every banqueting table there was a keg of beer. The soldiers were thrown open with free-drinking to every soldier. Many who had been buried under the enemy's fire succumbed to the subtle temptations of their victory.

No badge on regulation uniform was a restriction which had cost Seeds a good deal of regret during the campaign, but now the salt uniform was tattered and torn.

## Social Reform Siege-isms.

By THE GENERAL SECRETARY.

Ensign Nellie Griffiths, of the G. S. Department, and Capt. Florence Easton, of the Women's Social Department, conducted a Siege meeting at the Women's Rescue Home, on Feb. 9th. They thoroughly interested the girls with their music and singing and speaking, and have been invited to give them another meeting. Two dear girls volunteered out for salvation.

The London Siegfie is right up to date in Siege fighting. Capt. W. B. Long, the Manager, states they are holding "family worship" not only for the officers and helpers, but since the Siege began, pressing invitations were given to the men to be present, and a large number of the boudoirs have availed themselves of the privilege.

During the first week of the Siege two of the men who came in to prayers made a start to serve God. Bolt was a buckshot, one having been a soldier in London and the other in Hamilton. Bolt had been the downfall of them both.

It is a grand thing to get men like this converted, but what a sad state of things for a Christian community to tolerate, viz., an open saloon in the bath of every poor fellow trying to get free from the thrall of the accursed drink. It is a shame that such temptations are placed in the way of the down-trodden, and that they are as lawful as a place of worship. Boys, down with the drink!

# Hustlers' Rendezvous.

Notes "Here, There and All Over."

GOD SPEED THE BOOMERS OF THE DEAR OLD CRY!

BY AZABIAH.

Really I'm getting a little weary of so much sameness in the position of the different Provinces. Can't something be done to get up a sensation? Why should dear old Major Southall continue to lead the Territory so easily? I don't wish him any harm, but there steals over my frame (N.B.—This word is used merely for its piquetness,) a secret longing for a hand-to-hand conflict between Brig. What's-His-Name and the Major, in which I encountered the Major in "where de combatz?" I hope the Major will forgive me. He will, I'm sure, understand how difficult it must be to get a steam each week, when one man always comes in first.

The individual boomers deserve the highest and most unqualified praise. Such names as Capt. Hellman, Mrs. Hoffman, Capt. McNammy Horwood, Allen, Jackson, etc., etc., etc., are an inspiration. I could fill this column with the names of warriors who can be relied on week by week. God bless them all!

Capt. Perrenoud, of Nanaimo, is a boomer after my own heart. She says: "It is very hard to get a crowd in the barracks, but, and when we do, do a lot of visiting and selling, the Capt. Gets. The last two weeks we have had a good chance to do something while selling the Crys in the saloons. Last Saturday we sang in three saloons—in one of them to the accompaniment of the piano. The saloon was crowded and we had the opportunity to speak to three backsiders. We found them in our Sunday afternoon's meeting."



War Cry  
Boomer  
Sergeant  
Listo,  
St. Johns 11.  
N.B.

I fully understand that Brigadier Sharp can hardly expect to compete with the Ontario and Eastern Provinces in the number of boomers. Still, he has some good material, and all that's needed is a large increase of population. Could not the Brigadier arrange for a few thousand Doukhobors to be shipped to the Island Colony?

It has occurred to me that we should do the correct thing, have two Competition Lists, one in which shall figure the three Ontario Provinces and the Eastern, and the other the North-West, Pacific and Newfoundland. That would, I think, make the running a great deal more equal. Suppose we try it that way, then, and begin the racing for War Cry dated March 4th. That will give the P. O.'s concerned good time to agitate.

Brigadier is opening up Hamilton, down east, and the War Cry order for the first week is for 100. Hurrah, Brigadier, boom the Cry!

Kamloops takes 20 more Crys and Lewiston, Idaho, takes 15. I take off my hat to you, comrades. Why not rise again?

Western Bay, Newfoundland, also feels able to sell 15 more Crys each week. Off comes my hat again! It is a pleasant sensation.

I refrain from mentioning the names of the few corps who have dropped. My kind heart refrains from causing any blush of shame or regret on the check of any officer. Try again, Captain, and a little harder.

## WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

90 Hustlers.

CAPT. HELLMAN, Brantford	278
MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock	225
SERGT. M. BATEMAN, Stratford	125
S.M. MRS. ROCK, Chatham	123
LIEUT. PAYTON, Clinton	108
CAPT. CLARK, London	100
Lieut. Carr, Windsor	92
Ensign Ottawa, Guelph	90
Lieut. Beach, Sarnia	90
Mrs. Adj't. McAmmond, London	85
Lieut. Pickle, St. Thomas	85
Sergeant Yeomans, Chatham	81
Lieut. Burrows, Wallaceburg	79
Lieut. A. H. Hughes, Stratford	75
Lieut. Sizer, Dresden	70
Lieut. Munford, Sarnia	70
Capt. Howcroft, Forest	62
Capt. Bragge, Wyoming	60
Capt. Gibson, Sarnia	60
Sister Daisy Bond, Whitchurch	58
Capt. Rees, Watford	58
Capt. Sloat, Hespeler	57
Treas. Churchill, Petrolia	56
Lieut. Burton, Sudbury	56
Quinn, Galt, Ridgeview	56
Lieut. Winters, Bothwell	55
Sergeant Allan, Mitchell	50
Sister Robinson, Tilsonburg	50
Sister Webster, Berlin	50

Capt. McLeod, Whitchurch	22
Capt. McDonald, Tilsonburg	21
Sister Francis Ebb, Berlin	21
Sister Flanel, London	21
Ensign Orchard, Whitchurch	20
Bro. M. Benn, Wallaceburg	20
Bro. Christopher, Dresden	20
Bro. Hyde, Sarnia	20
Capt. Hodder, Blenheim	20
Sister Hodder, Blenheim	20
S.M. Rose, Hespeler	20
Sergeant Tremaine, Hespeler	20
Sister Passmore, Ridgeview	20
Lieut. Gatzke, Bayfield	20
Sister McCaffery, Essex	20
Sister Hoskins, St. Thomas	20
Sister Palmer, St. Thomas	20
Sister Nelle Mason, London	20
Sergeant Mrs. Brondum, Kincardine	20
Capt. Huntington, Clinton	20
Capt. L. C. Norwell	20
Sergeant Stickler, Norwich	20
Ensign Scott, Galt	20

## EAST ONTARIO AND QUEBEC PROVINCE.

84 Hustlers.

CAPT. CONNORS, Ottawa	140
CAPT. CREO, Gatineau	120
ADMT. GOODWIN, Ottawa	102
SERGEANT-MAJOR PEWINS, Barrie	100
VICE-ADMT. V.	100
LIEUT. SYMONDS, St. Albans	90
Capt. French, Peterboro	85
Lieut. Butcher, Brockville	85
Miss Qulam, Pembroke	80
Capt. Beurcell, Deseronto	78
Ensign Sims, Picton	77
Capt. Sleeth, Prescott	77
Sergeant Mrs. Stone, Lakefield	75
Miss Ferrett, St. Johnsbury	75
Capt. French, St. Johnsbury	75
Lieut. Young, St. Johnsbury	75
Capt. Jones, Burlington	75
Capt. Brown, Sherbrooke	75
Lieut. Tuck, Montreal	75
Capt. Banks, Quebec	75
Capt. Norman, Nanaimo	75
Lieut. Norman, Picton	75
Capt. Green, Tweed	75



Mr. Harmony Octave, to his accomplished daughter, Miss Appoaglatura Octave, who is trying to win the gold medal in the Institute, and incidentally the hand and heart of Professor Basso, the eminent soloist: "Say dearie, here's a nice piece of music in the War Cry this week. Just try it over for me, will you?"

Lieut. Dales, Oshawa	225
Sergeant Stevens, Riverside	225
Mrs. Turner, Hamilton	225
Lieut. Wade, Uxbridge	225
Sergeant E. B. Hamilton	225
Lieut. Marshall, Peterborough	225
Sergeant E. B. Hamilton	225
Capt. White, Hamilton	225
Capt. W. H. C. Hamilton	225
Sergeant Major Courtemanche, Kincardine	225
Mrs. Kennedy, Newmarket	225
Capt. Rennie, Menford	225
Lieut. Craig, Bradford	225
Sister Stacey, Temple	225
Capt. Rose, Peterborough	225
W. T. Thompson, Sudbury	225
Capt. Mainland, Oakville	225
Lieut. Crago, Oakville	225
Sergeant Shelly, Lissagur	225
Bro. Young, Temple	225

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

60 Hustlers.

MAGGIE GRAHAM, Halifax	1
SENIOR FLOOD, Hamilton	1
CAPT. JACKSON, Halifax	1
SEARCH FLOOD, Hamilton	1
CAPT. GOODWIN, Charlottetown	1
CAPT. THOMPSON, Campbellton	1
(No. 19)	1
CAPT. THOMPSON, Campbellton	1
(No. 20)	1
SISTER E. WHITE, Boultbee	1
James Kelley, St. Georges, Bembridge	1
P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown	1
Capt. Mrs. Thompson, Kincardine	1
Cadet Webster, Fredericton	1
See Eliza Chidlow, Fredericton	1
Sergeant Mrs. Olive, Charlottetown	1
Sergeant Mrs. Olive, Charlottetown	1
Miss Maybee, Charlottetown	1
Lizzie Lebars, Fredericton	1
Sergeant Armstrong, St. John	1
Sergeant Armstrong, St. John	1
Alma Trafton, Fairville	1
Lieut. Kirk, Woodstock	1
Sister Curry, Woodstock	1
Sergeant Allen, St. John	1
Sergeant Allen, St. John	1
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	1
Dave St. Georges, Fredericton	1
Lient. Metcalf, Hillsborough	1
Capt. Richie, Moncton	1
Capt. J. W. Clark, North Sydney	1
Capt. J. W. Clark, North Sydney	1
Cadet Gardiner, Fredericton	1
Lieut. Sharpen, Charlottetown	1
Sister J. Smith, Hamilton	1
Capt. A. Horwood, Lunenburg	1
Chas. Brown, Westport	1
P. S. M. Chandler, St. John	1
Capt. S. McDonald, Kentville	1
See M. Pike, North Sydney	1
Capt. Knight, Chatham	1
Sergeant Chidlow, North Sydney	1
P. M. Chandler, North Sydney	1
Sergeant James Moore, Halifax	1
Capt. McLeod, Westville	1
S. M. Davey, North Sydney	1
S. N. Kught, Chatham	1
Capt. Goldberg, Owen Sound	1
Sister McElderry, Galtine	1
Capt. Stephens, Owen Sound	1
Capt. J. McLennan, North Bay	1
Sergeant Major Bradley, Temple	1
Capt. Short, Sudbury	1
Lient. Rundall, Bloomfield	1
Mrs. Sturkey, Picton	1
Sergeant White, Brockville	1
Father Duquette, Trenton	1
Capt. Patten, Coalville	1
Lieut. Burt, Coalville	1
Capt. Fulford, Campbellton	1

## CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

81 Hustlers.

Sister Medlock, Temple	75
Capt. M. Wilson, Collingwood	65
Lieut. M. Hoveroff, Party Sound	65
Adj't. Cameron, Barrie	65
Ensign Fox, St. Catharines	65
Lieut. Huskinson, Orillia	63
Ensign Jones, Bowmansville	60
Capt. Hanum, Brampton	59
Capt. Goldberg, Owen Sound	56
Sister McElderry, Galtine	55
Capt. Stephens, Owen Sound	55
Capt. J. McLennan, North Bay	50
Sergeant Major Bradley, Temple	50
Capt. Short, Sudbury	50
Lient. Rundall, Bloomfield	50
Mrs. Sturkey, Picton	50
Sergeant Major Bowbeer, Lissagur	46
Capt. Bowbeer, Lissagur	45
Capt. Gaumage, Little Current	45
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton	45
Lient. Kivell, Owen Sound	41
Capt. Barker, Oshawa	41
Capt. St. John, Peterborough	40
Lient. Worthen, Newmarket	40
Capt. White, Huntsville	40
Capt. Case, Hamilton	40
Capt. Peacock, Lindsay	40
Sergeant Major Bowbeer, Lissagur	40
Capt. Batten, Port Hope	40
Mrs. Adj't. Blackburn, Port Hope	40
Lient. Brooks, Renfrew	40
Capt. Williams, Pembroke	40
Sister Crozier, Montreal	40
Sister Ross, Montreal	40
Sergeant Major Thompson, Port Hope	40
Capt. Bradley, Cornwall	40
Lient. Latimer, Odessa	35
Capt. Woods, Napanee	35
Capt. Comstock, Renfrew	35
Capt. Batten, Arnprior	35
Capt. Brookes, Renfrew	35
Capt. Williams, Pembroke	35
Capt. Crozier, Montreal	35
Capt. Crego, Trenton	35
Capt. Carter, Trenton	35
Capt. Horn, Montreal	35
Capt. Batten, Arnprior	35
Capt. Way, Arnprior	35
Capt. Brookes, Renfrew	35
Capt. Williams, Pembroke	35
Capt. Horn, Montreal	35
Capt. Crego, Trenton	35
Capt. Carter, Trenton	35
Capt. Way, Arnprior	35
Capt. Brookes, Renfrew	35
Capt. Williams, Pembroke	35
Capt. Horn, Montreal	35
Capt. Crego, Trenton	35
Capt. Carter, Trenton	35
Capt. Way, Arnprior	35
Capt. Brookes, Renfrew	35
Capt. Williams, Pembroke	35
Capt. Horn, Montreal	35
Capt. Crego, Trenton	35
Capt. Carter, Trenton	35
Capt. Way, Arnprior	35
Capt. Brookes, Renfrew	35
Capt. Williams, Pembroke	35
Capt. Horn, Montreal	35
Capt. Crego, Trenton	35
Capt. Carter, Trenton	35
Capt. Way, Arnprior	35
Capt. Brookes, Renfrew	35
Capt. Williams, Pembroke	35
Capt. Horn, Montreal	35
Capt. Crego, Trenton	35
Capt. Carter, Trenton	35
Capt. Way, Arnprior	35
Capt. Brookes, Renfrew	35
Capt. Williams, Pembroke	35
Capt. Horn, Montreal	35
Capt. Crego, Trenton	35
Capt. Carter, Trenton	35
Capt. Way, Arnprior	35
Capt. Brookes, Renfrew	35
Capt. Williams, Pembroke	35
Capt. Horn, Montreal	35
Capt. Crego, Trenton	35
Capt. Carter, Trenton	35
Capt. Way, Arnprior	35
Capt. Brookes, Renfrew	35
Capt. Williams, Pembroke	35
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Capt. Brookes, Renfrew	35
Capt. Williams, Pembroke	35
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Capt. Way, Arnprior	35
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Capt. Carter, Trenton	35
Capt. Way, Arnprior	35
Capt. Brookes, Renfrew	35
Capt. Williams, Pembroke	35
Capt. Horn, Montreal	35
Capt. Crego, Trenton	35
Capt. Carter, Trenton	35
Capt. Way, Arnprior	35
Capt. Brookes, Renfrew	35
Capt. Williams, Pembroke	35
Capt. Horn, Montreal	3

Lieut. Dales, Oshawa	25
Sgt. Stevens, Riverside	25
Lieut. Wedge, Uxbridge	25
Mrs. Turner, Hamilton I.	25
Lieut. Marshall, Faversham	24
Sgt. Howell, Riverside	23
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton I.	22
Capt. White, Hamilton I.	22
Sgt. Major Courtemanche, Kincardine	22
Mrs. Kennedy, Newmarket	22
Capt. Moore, Newmarket	22
Lieut. Orme, Markham	22
Sister Stacy, Temple	22
Capt. Rose, Dovercourt	20
Capt. Price, Dovercourt	20
Wm. Thompson, Sudbury	20
Capt. Mainland, Oakville	20
Lieut. Cragg, Oakville	20
Sgt. Shelly, Ligon St.	20
Bro. Young, Temple	20

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

## 68 HUSTLERS.

MAGGIE GRAHAM, Halifax I.	152
SERGT. FLOOD, Hamilton Ber.	150
CAPT. JACKSON, Halifax I.	135
SERGT. FLOOD, Hamilton Ber.	133
CAPT. GOODWIN, Charlottetown 115	
CAPT. THOMPSON, Campbellton (No. 19)	100
CAPT. THOMPSON, Campbellton (No. 20)	100
SISTER V. W. H. Hutton	100
James Kelley, St. Georges Ber.	88
P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown	76
Cadet Webber, Fredericton	75
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	70
Sgt. Mrs. Olive, Carleton	70
Sgt. Mrs. Olive, Carleton	70
Mrs. Maybee, Charlottetown	62
Lizzie Lebars, Fredericton	60
Sgt. Armstrong, St. John 111	60
Sgt. Armstrong, St. John 111	60
Alma Trafton, Fairville	50
Lieut. Bill Woodcock	50
Sister Curry, Newmarket	50
Sgt. Allen, St. John III	48
Sgt. Allen, St. John III	48
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	45
Dave Jones, St. Georges, Ber.	45
Lieut. Dunscombe, Fredericton	45
Lieut. Melkie, Hillsboro	45
Capt. Richle, Moncton	45
Capt. J. W. Clark, North Sydney	45
Capt. J. W. Clark, North Sydney	42
Cadet Gardner, Fredericton	40
Lieut. Surpham, Carleton	40
Sister J. S. H. Hutton, Ber.	40
Capt. J. H. Horwood, Lunenburg	38
Chas. Brown, Westville	38
P. S. M. Chandler, St. John 111	37
Capt. McDonald, Kentville	37
See. Mrs. Pike, North Sydney	35
Cadet Knight, Chatham	35
Sgt. K. Keating, North Sydney	35
Sgt. Chisholm, North Sydney	35
P. S. M. Chandler, St. John 111	35
Sgt. James Moore, Halifax I.	35
Lieut. McLeod, Westville	32
S. M. Davey, North Sydney	30
Capt. N. K. K. Clark, N.B.	30
Cadet Fudge, Fredericton	30
Cadet Smith, Fredericton	30
Sgt. T. Keating, N. Sydney	28
Sgt. Chandler, St. John III	27
Livinia Lebars, Fredericton	26
Sister M. Wood, Moncton	26
Mrs. J. McDonald, Westville	26
Sister Place, Hamilton, Ber.	25
Sgt. Smith, Fredericton	25
Sgt. Blatch, Charlottetown	25
Mother England, Chatham	25
Sgt. J. Keating, North Sydney	24
Sgt. O'Keefe, St. John III	23
Mrs. Patterson, St. John III	22
Lieut. L. S. Clark, St. John III	22
See. Mrs. Pike, North Sydney	22
Sister G. Blakeney, Moncton	22
Sister C. Conrad, Halifax I.	22
Lieut. Leadley, Kentville	21
Mrs. Patterson, St. John III	21
Annie Pollock, Fredericton	21
Ensign Jennings, Moncton	20

## PACIFIC PROVINCE.

## 26 HUSTLERS.

MRS. CAPT. HOOKER, Wallace	131
CADET CREEVETT, Butte	123
CAPT. BAILEY, Missoula	104
SISTER LEWIS, Victoria	100
Hannah Knudson, Nelson	92
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Victoria	87
Capt. Scott, Spokane	70
Sgt. Glen, Red Deer	70
Capt. Cole, Kelowna	65
Cadet Law, Lewiston	65
Sister Hardenbrook, Spokane	54
Mrs. McFee, Nelson	53
Capt. Thoen, Spokane	52
Capt. Haas, Lewiston	50
Florrie Ponge, Nelson	41
Sister Anderson, Helena	40
Sister Kennedy, Spokane	40
Capt. Hooker, Wallace	30
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	30
Mrs. Powell, New Westmoreland	27
Mrs. Adjt. H. Butte	26
Mrs. Rose, Butte	24
Mrs. Berry, New Westmoreland	21
Mrs. Ensign Alward, Helena	20
Lieut. Stanley, New Westmoreland	20

## NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

## 17 HUSTLERS.

Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	94
Lieut. Clarke, Larimore	73
Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	67
Mrs. Capt. Wilkins, Port Arthur	65
Capt. Smith, Moose Jaw	64
Capt. Barrager, Prince Albert	60
Lieut. E. McConnell, Jamestown	60
Lieut. E. McConnel, Jamestown	60
Lieut. Hanger, Edmonton	57
Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	56
Sgt. Burrows, Edmonton	46
Lieut. Anderson, Gardner	46
Lieut. Clark, Larimore	41
Capt. Stoknes, Gardner	40
Capt. Puttenden, Fargo	36
Capt. Pearce, Edmonton	35
Lieut. Bland, Minnedosa	26
Capt. Jarvis, Larimore	22

## LITTLE DOROTHY,

The Child-Servant of the Poor.

The poor have friends that they know not of. It is not always the wealthy and influential who help to relieve the necessities of the helpless; sometimes it is the lowliest and most obscure who give a willing hand. The following is a touching incident of this latter class. A little girl of two years, the child of good parents, was, until angels came and took her away to heaven, a Grace-Before-Meal box-holder, in her own name. Despite her tender years she was intelligent enough to understand that the contents of the box were used in helping the hungry, the poor, and the poorest of the poor, and

## This Little Angel of Mercy

never forgot to remember Lazarus whenever an opportunity arose.

This is how it all came about. One day one of our Light Brigade Agents visited the home of the little girl, and pleaded the cause of the poor and helpless. To the sister-Agent's agreeable surprise, she found that she had got into a house where there was a regular Grace-Before-Meal Box, and that the inmates were friends and helpers of the Army in many different ways. But little Dorothy, on her father's knee, took a liking to the Grace-Before-Meal Box, which our sister had introduced in the course of conversation, and she was allowed to handle it, and spell the pictures, if not the words, and her eyes and heart quickly took in the meaning of the pictures; nuf.

## With Pleading Looks,

charming gestures, and childish talk, she drew her father's attention to them.

And so it happened that little Dorothy was allowed to have a Grace-Before-Meal Box of her own, and from that day she took a special interest in it, and it was placed upon the table at every meal. Visitors to the house were always given the opportunity of contributing to the Box. Dorothy herself handled it round. But this sweet child and helper of the poor was

## Taken to Heaven,

leaving many sorrowing hearts behind. When our Agent called to open the box, the parents said that it was through their dear child's influence that they had given such prominence to the claims of the poor and needy. A considerable sum was found in the box, and had all been collected by little Dorothy.

This simple story is a striking object-lesson! Even the youngest and least may help and take a part in philanthropic work. This little child's heart was in her work. Her sympathies were enlarged, and her tender mind went out in pity to the neglected ones around her. What a rebuke to the cold, selfish world! A little child has set us an example of love and pity which all can emulate.—Social Gazette.

HILLSBORO, N. B.—Praise God, we are still on the war path. Our crowds are good, interest is rising, and we are believing in the winner of victory. Hallelujah! Yours to win, Lieut. M. Melville, for Capt. S. Taylor.

ST. JOHN III.—We are having victories last report (two weeks ago). 10 have been wounded, 1000 are dead. 1000 are missing. Prospects are bright and promising for the Siege.—G.C.C., Corps Cor.



## A RESCUE OFFICER PROMOTED.

Lieut. Glass Exchanges the Sword for the Crown.

following Wednesday we placed her remains beneath the sod to wait the great resurrection morn. Memorial service at night, when husband and son, with two others, sought salvation.—Tom Pitcher, Capt.

## EARTH'S CONFLICT ENDED.

A Faithful Faversham Soldier Promoted.

God has visited Faversham corps and promoted Mother Mary Poole to Glory at the age of 81 years. We say

"Mother" for she was mother to everyone she came in contact with. She was converted among the Methodists when 15 years of age. She was then residing in the Township of Kincardine. She attended Collingwood

when Capt. Sarah Crosby (who afterwards became the wife of Happy Bill Cooper) was in charge. They were having a Big Go-Commissioner Class. Capt. George D. O. Bailey were expected by train. A great march was to meet them at the station. Mother Poole came out of a store and saw the march. She went and asked a soldier if she would be permitted to march. This was not granted. Nothing daunted she followed the march, and said to her son-in-law, "Did we ever think that we should see religion carried out in such a manner?" From that time she was a Blood-and-Fire soldier. Soon after this Faversham corps was opened and Mother and her sister Mrs. Cranford and her daughter, Mrs. Henderson, were all enrolled in the first enrollment. From the year 1885 till the time of her death, she was a devoted, godly soldier. Around the dying bed were Capt. Brant, Lloyd, Cornish and their children. Capt. Brant said, "I am a born Canadian's billows," also, "My Jesus, I love Thee. I know Thou are mine." This was while she was gasping her last breath. Her children said, "Look!" and they saw a bright light illuminating her face. Just as she died, she said, "Keep up the standard." Her desire was that I should conduct the funeral service, so I arranged to be there. Her favorite song was: "There is sweet rest in heaven, which we sang for her after the funeral service we adourned to the barracks. At Lady Bank a distance of 1½ miles, where a full audience awaited us, we opened another service, and after a few touching testimonies, we closed our meeting and carried the remains of Mother Poole to the grave. We were soon at her side, and her grandson took off their coats, and, in red garrison, lowered her to her last resting place. This was at her request.

On Sunday afternoon, the meeting was held at the barracks. The barracks was well filled, considering the stormy weather. Hymns were sung and testimonies given principally from her own children. People wept all over the house.

The Memorial Service on Sunday night, which was at Faversham, was gathered a large and sympathizing audience. Two sisters reconsecrated their lives to God, and we have no hesitation in saying that the fire was kindled in the hearts of many.—Staff-Capt. Geo. Manton.

The tyranny of a multitude is worse than the tyranny of an individual.

## THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

To those who think of travelling to the

OLD COUNTRY, we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets to all the principal cities in Europe on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to Major General & A. Temple, Toronto.

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To those who think of travelling to the

OLD COUNTRY, we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets to all the principal cities in Europe on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to Major General & A. Temple, Toronto.

## GOD SAVE THE POOR DRUNKARD!

Specially Arranged Siege Songs for this Week.

### A Call to Arms!

By THE LATE BRIGADIER READ.  
Tunes.—Bitter world (B.J. 11); What's the news? (B.J. 12); Will you go? (B.J. 13); Christ for me (B. B. 38).

**1** There is a sinful, careless throng Drifting on, drifting on, To tell the spirit to drift along, Drifting on, drifting on, Regardless of a mother's prayer, Entrapped by many a devil's snare, Such wicked deeds they do and dare, Drifting on, drifting on.

Comrades, as you see the godless crowd, Do you care? Do you care? Do you mind your voices and cry aloud? Do you care? Do you care? While thousands on to ruin go, To spend eternity in woe, Do you some real pity show? Do you care? Do you care?

Soldiers of the cross of Jesus Christ, Stand to arms! Stand to arms! Everywhere our pride, our sin, our hoist, Stand to arms! Stand to arms! Throw off old self, be true, be brave, Your chances go when in the grave, Oh, rush ahead the world to save, Stand to arms! Stand to arms!

### Come, Holy Ghost!

Tunes.—Helmley (B.J. 147, 2); Hark, the voice (B.J. 51, 1); Out on the ocean (B.J. 227, 2); Blessed Jesus (B.J. 45); or, Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah (B.J. 121).

**2** Jesus, like a mighty fire, Send Thy Spirit down on me; Yearning with intense desire Is my soul for mercy of Thee. Blest Redeemer!

Let me here Thy glory see. Burn away the thing that blunders, Let no evil stay within; Come, and reign without a rival, Conquer over every sin. Mighty Spirit!

Now Thy wondrous work begin. Then art coming! Faith can see Thee! Here descend the promised power! Oh, may every heart be open To receive the glorious shower. All Thy fulness!

Down upon us Thou dost pour.

### Hope for the Drunkard!

By MAJOR COLLIER.

Tune.—Never will give in (B.J. 38). **3** We are seeking for desperate sinners, For the worst and the lowest we'll go.

And we know, by God's help, we'll be winners. Of those in the dark hamlets of woe, Though the drunkard still is tinging, The foe the fight is waging, We will bring them to our Saviour, And they never need turn back.

Chorus. Oh, you never, never, never need turn back any more. Any more, any more, any more, Oh, you never, never, never need turn back any more, For in Him you'll find the grace to help you onward.

The drunkards whose homes are neglected, And whose gifts have been blighted By drink, their to-day are reflected; God's Spirit is making them think, Though for drink they still are longing.

Their conscience they are wronging, If they'll give themselves to Jesus, They will never need turn back.

Then turn to your God while He's calling. And offer to you pardoning grace, At the footstool of mercy falling. Your feet on the rock He will place, Though by hosts of hell surrounded, Your faith in Christ is founded, He will hold you up forever, And you never need turn back.

### "Your Dying Mother's Hymn!"

Tunes.—Christ receleth sinful men; or any of the old familiar tunes.  
**4** Jesus! lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly.  
While the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high, Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide, till the storm of life be past; Safe into the haven glide, oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none, hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, ah! leave me not alone, still support and comfort me, All my trust on Thee is stayed, all my help from Thee I bring; Cover my defenceless head with the shadow of Thy wing.

### Turn Ye! Turn Ye!

Tunes.—Oh, turn ye! (B.J. 19, B.J. 80); My brother, the Master is calling for Thee; Hiding in Thee (B.J. 9).

**5** Oh, turn ye! oh, turn ye! for why will ye die? When God, in great mercy, is drawing so nigh. Now Jesus inviteth you, the Spirit says, "Come!" Angels are waiting to welcome you home.

He prayed for God to save him, he agonized in prayer, For neither Jesus gave him while he was kneeling there;

Since then he has been sober, to God he has proved true, And now each night you'll find him 'neath the Yellow, Red and Blue.



### To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; before the war, and now, we will search for parents and children, or any one lost. Address Commissioneer Evangelina Booth, 188 St. Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to let regularly through the paper their names and to notify Commissioneer if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

### First Insertion.

**3313. THOMAS GILLESPIE.** A coppersmith by trade. Left Manitoba for Hillerton, Australia, April 1867. Last heard of at the Western Head San Francisco, from which place he is expected to sail on the boat Manasi on April 28th, 1897. Description: age about 40, fair hair, 6 ft. high. His only sister anxiously inquires. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

**3310. FREDERICK NORDINGER.** Left Manitoba September 23rd, 1867, with cattle, for Montreal, thence to Liverpool, thence to Hull and London, and returned to Boston, U. S. Went to Georgia and on to Richmond, Virginia. Any information address Inquiry, Toronto.

**3311. MRS. D. H. DALEY** wife to hear from her son, Samuel Daley, who once resided in Summerside.

**3300. JOHN S. SLOAN.** Age 45, brown hair, light blue eyes, 5 ft. 10 in. in height. Last heard of rating tubbers at Sanan Beach, Mich. His brother inquires. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

**3312. THOMAS HICKSON.** Formerly lived in Manchester, England. Last heard of in Nova Scotia, in 1864. Age 44, lost part of one ear. Sister inquiries. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

**3322. WILLIAM STEVENS.** Age 60, height 6 ft., grey hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, farmer. Last heard of about three years ago, when he was in Winnipeg, employed by Messrs. W. R. Inman & Co. His letters were at one time addressed to W. D. Bell Portage la Prairie. Any information address Inquiry, Toronto.

**3228. WILLIAM ALBERT BEATTY.** Last heard of ten years ago, in San Francisco. About 35 years of age, tall, dark complexion, brown eyes. Formerly of Lisheen, Ireland. Anyone knowing Beatty's whereabouts address Inquiry, Toronto, or Jennie Houston, 257 Carlton St., Toronto.

**3227. THOMAS GEORGE FARE.** BHOTHELL. Age 26, height 5 ft. 8 in., brown hair and eyes. Left his home at Bumwell, Wirkford, on Monday, September 26th. His poor wife has no idea of his present whereabouts but sincerely desires to forget and forgive. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

**3224.** Will P. J. D., who left West York on 23rd September kindly communicate with Brigadier General S. A. Temple, Toronto. Friends anxious.

## IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING—  
PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?  
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?  
PROPERTY DEEDS?  
MORTGAGES?  
INSURANCES, &  
LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—  
CREDITORS, OR  
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioneer is willing to place your name in the knowledge and experience of a competent officer.

Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Major A. S. Commissioneer, 188 St. Toronto. A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.

## DO YOU DRINK JUBILEE TEA?

Yes! Since I Tried it, I Want No Other.

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